

HOSPITAL SYSTEM PUTS PAPER WORK OUT OF BUSINESS

Field Medical Card Will
Reduce Clerical Task
by Two Thirds

CHART GOES WITH PATIENT

Every Man Will Carry Own History
No Matter Where He May
Be Sent

HOPE FOR OTHER BRANCHES

Newly Announced Change May Be
Only First Victory in War of
the Typewriters

The Medical Department of the A.E.F. on Saturday inaugurated a new system of records which reduces by about two-thirds the volume of paper work in the American hospitals in France.

The amount of paper saved would probably be quite enough to issue THE STARS AND STRIPES; the amount of labor saved, chiefly by cutting out needless reduplication of work, is incalculable.

The change, which is based on the system in force in the British hospitals, was foreseen and prepared for some weeks ago, and it is just as well, for, during the flow of wounded from the fighting line in the region northwest of Chateau Thierry, the cumbersome, over-weighted system of days gone by betrayed alarming symptoms of total collapse.

Card Fastened to Patient

The change ordered in the Medical Department is just one skirmish in the general war against over-complicated paper work throughout the A.E.F. Further victories in this war are looked for in other sectors and will be duly reported.

The key to the new system is the Field Medical Card, a simple cardboard card, which, when folded twice, will fit into an ordinary size envelope.

This chart is started at the first point—the ambulance, field hospital or evacuation hospital—the patient reaches after he leaves the regimental aid station. Then it is fitted into its envelope and fastened by wire to his clothing like an identification disk. Whenever he goes thereafter the card goes with him—even following him to some general hospital back in America if he is evacuated overseas.

Old System Too Bulky

Every stopping place of the patient en route is noted on the card, every treatment of importance noted down. Thus, if he is bled eventually at the base hospital at Angers or Savenay, the surgeon into whose hands he falls can tell at a glance whence he came, what the other doctors thought of his case and what they did for him, what operation was performed, what morphine given, what anti-tetanus serum administered, and when and where.

Under the old dispensation each hospital made out its own voluminous records and filed them proudly away. If, as frequently happened, it became necessary to ship a convey of several hundred patients to another hospital that had had room for them, the regulations called for a complete transfer card to be made out for the information of that hospital, and, if possible, a neat copy of the entire clinical record.

No Time for Transfer Cards

Often the conveyors would be made up in such a rush that it was found impossible to prepare even the transfer cards, which are less a full copy of the records. Thus, the surgeons down the line would have to tackle the cases afresh.

They might guess that a patient had already received the Wassermann test for syphilis, but they had no way of telling how it turned out. So it would have to be made again. In the early days of the A.E.F., a luckless patient might make the rounds of the hospitals, and the laboratory reports on his Wassermann tests never would catch up with him.

If, by strenuous efforts, the records did keep pace with the patient, it was only by adding every department of the hospital for men to serve the typewriters all night long.

Only One Record Now

Now there is only one record made, and when the patient travels it travels with him. Complete papers for the file record of a case are made out only once. They are made out at the final hospital from which the patient is discharged to duty.

Even there the papers required are much simpler, much more up-to-date in their terminology, much freer in their use of abbreviations. They are less detailed too. The old questions as to the family history of the patient have gone by the board.

When our cartoonist emerged from a brief and pleasant stay in hospital, he was moved to draw one picture of a bedside examination in full swing.

"You say your grandfather died of acute old age?" the doctor asked.

"No; he died of a Friday," the patient replied. "But what's he got to do with this war anyhow?"

And, judging by the ruthless way in which they have struck out all the fancy frills of hospital paper work, the powers that be in the Medical Department answered:

"Wot, indeed!"

NEW AIR MAIL RECORD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—Lieutenant Torrey H. Webb brought an "air mail" from Boston to New York, reducing the time taken over the post office sky route from 3 hours and 22 minutes to a flat 3 hours.

He was absolutely sure of the proper supervision of the mail in transit, and to insure its correct distribution in New York the American aviator carried the postmaster of Boston along with him as a passenger.

THE SOLIER'S SINS

What are the four deadly sins of the soldier?

A Y.M.C.A. man wanted to know. So he held a questionnaire among some men who had just come out of the line, and repeated it among other groups who had just come out of the line until he had what he considered a number sufficient to represent the sentiments of the whole A.E.F.

And the four cardinal sins were not likker, likker, likker and failure to submit to prophylactic treatment. They were these, in this order:

Cowardice, selfishness, stinginess, bragging.

The answers surprised me," says the Y.M.C.A. man. "They weren't the answers I expected. But they also delighted me. Did you ever see a finer code of ethics in all your life—for a soldier of anyone else?"

AMERICA'S WOMEN MAY SOON REALIZE HOPE OF SUFFRAGE

President's Desire to Have
Amendment Passed
Should Help

PROHIBITIONISTS FIGHT ON

Effort Will Now Be Made to Get
Liquor Issue Fairly Be-
fore Congress

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The women of America are all smiles since the President made it clear this week that he wished the Senate to pass the national suffrage amendment.

This amendment needs a two-thirds vote and for some time only two or three votes have been lacking.

The suffragists hope and believe that the President's action will draw the waverers into the open, and there is great curiosity as to the result.

The same week brought the sex a setback. The American Federation of Labor, at its annual convention, voted down the proposal to put women on its executive council.

While suffrage hopes are rising, the prohibitionists fight doggedly on, hoping, in the face of fierce opposition, to put over the national dry amendment. Their first effort to slide the amendment through the Senate by tying it to the Food Bill was an inglorious failure. Now they will try to present the amendment separately before Congress. It is to be open warfare.

The local option elections in New Jersey neatly split that State fifty-fifty. Nimble alcoholics can skip without great effort from a dry desert to a nice damp oasis.

NEW ARMY PAY PLAN SUBMITTED TO G.H.Q.

Embraces Features Al-
ready Predicted, Includ-
ing Individual Books

The plan for a new system of Army pay has been formally submitted by the Chief Quartermaster to G.H.Q., where it is now under consideration.

The plan proposed embraces the chief features predicted for it in this newspaper two weeks ago. It involves the carrying by every soldier of his own little pay-book, on the strength of which he can collect his money every month, no matter what day of the month he presents it, no matter how far he may have strayed from his own command, no matter where his service record or what its condition.

It involves, also, the partial payment system—a system by which each soldier, no matter what his grade or no matter what he has set aside for Liberty bonds, allotments and insurance, would get that sum of \$7.50 every month. Then, every once in so often—say, every four months—he would have a settlement with the Government and draw all the balance due him.

These are the essential features, from the soldier's point of view, in the pay system devised by the board of four officers appointed by the Chief Quartermaster. Whether their report will be accepted and the system adopted for the A.E.F. remains to be seen.

ONLY TWO COLLISIONS IN BIGGEST AIR CAMP

Hoodoo Numbers Fail to
Harm Flyers, but Queer
Their Machines

Trifling rules of the air are so well defined at the A.E.F. training centers that collisions are rare. At the biggest, American training camp in France there have been only two.

One was fatal to both aviators. The other landed neither aviator—though nobody can explain why it didn't except by suggesting that "there must be something in numbers."

Machines No. 313 and 323 crashed head-on at an altitude of 1,500 feet. Together they fell several hundred feet. Then they separated and both landed safely. Both machines were so badly damaged that they were classed as a total loss.

After the landing, the two aviators shook hands and congratulated each other. "I guess 13 isn't a hoodoo number, after all," said the first.

"Nor 23 either," suggested the second.

ON THE CHATEAU-THIERRY FRONT



Yankee Sharpshooters Picking Off Hun Snipers—They Got Several

SOUTH AND WEST GIVEN CHANCE AT WAR INDUSTRIES

Plan Aims to Prevent Con-
gestion Along Atlantic
Seaboard

EAST NOT AT ALL PUT OUT

Acceptance of Idea Another Admi-
rable Instance of Solidarity
of Whole Country

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

By J. W. MULLER.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The War Industries Board and the Fuel and Railroad Administrations have issued a joint statement to the effect that hereafter they will restrict the expansion of war industries in the East and see that it spreads more to the South and West.

The move is made to prevent congestion along the Atlantic seaboard. Everywhere the move is read as fresh and gratifying evidence that one big machine is shaking down to business on a firm foundation.

The news was published with a total absence of adverse comment on the editorial pages of the Eastern press, which is an admirable instance of the new solidarity of the country.

A few years ago, such a step would have evoked thunders of wrathful comment. Now you can read every paragraph in every Eastern newspaper and not find one word of criticism or even objection.

This instance is only one of many. Each mail from home brings new evidence of the fact that the States were never more united than the country is being welded into a new unity in the furnace of war.

One letter just received in France from a man high in the national councils of the Democrats at Washington contains this illuminating paragraph: "The United States as a country is coming around nicely to the war. Every one is strong for the war, strong for complete victory. We don't hear much more from the pacifists, etc. One thing is sure: the war is making of us a nation. We'll never go back to that 'sovereign State' stuff."

AIRCRAFT DIRECTOR FOR BIG CORPORATION

Production Now Proceed-
ing Satisfactorily and
Without Talk

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—John D. Ryan, director of the Aircraft Production Board, is sponsor of a bill just introduced in the Senate to form a \$400,000,000 aircraft corporation similar in scheme and purpose to the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

All the talk about airplanes has subsided since President Wilson prompted an investigation of our production and put in charge of that investigation the same Charles E. Hughes who had run against him for the presidency.

Ex-Judge Hughes, who first attracted the nation's attention as an investigator in the days of the old life insurance scandals, has thus far worked in complete silence and popular interest in the vexed question seems almost non-existent.

It is now plainly evident that the public had discounted from the start all the sensational news with which the late hubbub was started. There is little doubt in any one's mind that airplane production—whatever may have been the case some months back—is now proceeding satisfactorily.

ANTI-LOADING LAW TALK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—There is much talk of Congress's passing an anti-loading law, but no specific action has yet been taken. So far five States have enacted such laws.



Machine Gun Firing from Concealed Position

NO HOME WORRIES IS IDEA OF LATEST RED CROSS BUREAU

New Service Will Try to
Adjust Personal and
Family Matters

WANT A DIVORCE? JUST ASK

Letterless Members of A.E.F. Can
Find Out What's Wrong
with Folks

If some worrying problem has arisen back home, one you could settle easily if you were on the spot, but which you cannot deal with satisfactorily by the slow and uncertain processes of correspondence through Chateau-Thierry and a town 5,000 miles away, take it up with the Red Cross.

Has the sheriff been getting nasty about the mortgage on the old farm? Has there been a strange and troubling silence ever since you heard that your soldier boy was to be operated on for appendicitis? Would you like a divorce? In any case, introduce the first person you see in a Red Cross uniform, state your problem to him or her, and leave the rest to the Home Service.

The Home Service, which has long been in full swing in America behind the training camps and the homes that had sent their menfolk to them, has just opened its bureau in France for the convenience of the A.E.F. A major-general, with a big bank account in New York, can cable his lawyers to settle any question that might arise to bother him; the rest of us can get much the same results through the workers of the Home Service.

Not a Family Must Suffer

"Men may be the best soldiers in the world," the Red Cross says, "but if things are not well with their families at home, they lose efficiency through worry, and the morale of the Army—that all-important factor—begins to fail. The Home Service of the Red Cross must be the nation's assurance that no enlisted man's family shall suffer for any essential thing that it is within its power to give."

The new bureau has been under way a little more than a fortnight, but a glance through its already voluminous record books would give you an idea of the scope of the work. That question about a divorce, for instance, was no idle jest. Here is a letter from a soldier who wants one immediately, paired as he is by the thought of having to make an allotment to a faithless consort.

Sought News of Father

"I found my wife was running about and was with other men who were absolute strangers to her," he writes, reasonably enough. "While you are doing your best for me, I will be doing my best also for humanity."

Then here is the correspondence in the case of a boy who, in a hospital here, had been worrying about his people because, when he sailed away, his father was dying, and since then no word had reached him. The Red Cross report came by cable:

"—died May 6. Left widow, 30 acres good land all planted, 30 head of cattle."

BUT DOES G.H.Q. MEAN IT?

At last we know in part how long the war is going to last, if Bulletin 31, just issued at G.H.Q., is to be taken at its words. We quote: "Enlisted men of the American Expeditionary Forces who, upon completion of 30 years' service, make application for retirement, will not be retired in France."

The italics are G.H.Q.'s, not ours. "Upon approval of the application," the bulletin continues, "such soldiers will be ordered by the War Department to the United States with a view to their retirement upon arrival at the station specified in the War Department order, and final statement will not be prepared by the soldier's organization commander upon their departure from France, but will be prepared by the commanding officers at the stations to which such soldiers have been ordered for retirement."

Thirty years! The "Thirty Years' War" come all over again! Sixty gold stripes, starting on our trusty lefts, and going all the way around the back of the neck!

But there's one grand, great consolation. After 30 years, they will give us a free trip home!

MORMON GRANARIES TO HELP FEED NATION

Great Reserve Supply Is
Turned Over to Food
Administration

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The Mormon Church has turned over the contents of all its granaries—more than 250,000 bushels of wheat—to the Federal Food Administration. This was the great reserve supply collected under the tithe practice of the church, by which Mormon farmers contributed annually a tenth of their crop as protection against famine.

It is the first time in Mormon history that anything has been allowed to interfere with the preservation of this reserve.

In other lines of food conservation endeavor, much has been happening. The Food Board has cut New York State's public eating places down on their consumption of beef. They may serve boiled beef but twice a week, and roast beef and beefsteak only once, while head holders are asked to use only one and a quarter pounds of beef a week for each person.

Since the passage of the food control act last August, the Federal Food Board has imposed a little more than 800 penalties for violations, showing how well the country has governed itself. One hundred and fifty companies or individuals were ordered to cease business for limited or unlimited periods, and 500 made voluntary payments, usually to the Red Cross.

445,000 NEW YORK 'PHONES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The New York City telephone directory makes a showing of 445,000 subscribers. The suburban directory, with all its various and divergent subdivisions baffling the outsider, has now a total of 217,000 subscribers.

D.S.C. DESIGN ATTACKED

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—The National Sculpture Society has lodged a protest at Washington against the present design of the new Distinguished Service Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal, on the ground of lack of artistic merit. The society asks that American artists be called on to design better ones.

The Distinguished Service Cross is the only one of the two decorations the design of which has been seen to date by the A.E.F. While every member of the A.E.F. would be glad to win the D.S.C. or the D.S.M., or both, regardless of their design, one criticism of their design, one criticism of the D.S.C. in its present form has been made in several quarters.

It is that the decoration, as now constituted, seems a trifle too ornate, too regal to be in keeping with the democratic nature of the Government which confers it, and that something simpler, something a little more Spartan, might conform better to the nature of the deeds performed to win it, and to the spirit in which it is bestowed.

M.P.E.S. TO TAKE CHARGE OF A.E.F. MAIL ON JUNE 30

Adapted System Is Built on
Experiences of British
and French

MUST HAVE CO-OPERATION

Success of Plan Will Depend on
Everyone from Company
Orderly Up

The Military Postal Express Service, created by General Order 72, will assume control of the A.E.F. mail on June 30, instead of June 15 as originally planned.

It is an adapted system, built on the experiences of the British and French in wrestling with the knotty problem of getting letters from and to particularly rest-trooper shifting personnel of vast armies in the field.

The M.P.E.S. is not presented to the A.E.F. as a cure-all for all postal difficulties. Its director boldly states that its success will depend on the co-operation of the officers in charge of army, corps or divisional postal detachments and the C.O. and company mail orderlies of detached or S.O.S. units.

Statistical Section's Help

It is up to such commanding officers to pick the right man for orderly, up to the orderly in turn to serve immediately notice on the nearest M.P.E.S. office whenever his unit moves in or out of its territory. If the unit moves out of all touch with any such office, the orderly should show the M.P.E.S. office or write the new whereabouts to the T.S. Central Post Office at Tours. It is up to the orderly, too, to send word in through his C.O. to the Central Post Office whenever he is convinced that, through a mishap in the Statistical Section, one of his men is not getting his mail.

It is up to all the workers of the Statistical Section to see that its records are always accurate, for these records furnish the only index available for the redirecting of mail.

"If not called for or delivered within 5 days," as the envelopes used to say back home, letters will be returned to the Central Post Office for redirection. Newly arriving officers may give that post office as their address. Officers often on the move should keep it posted on their changes of address.

Z. of A. Biggest Problem

The distribution of mail to the comparatively stationary folk of the S.O.S. will be simple. The test of the M.P.E.S. will come in its service to the ever unsettled troops in the Z. to A.

For serving these, itinerant post offices will be created by army, corps or divisional troops. Each such itinerant post office will have an A.P.O. number and that number will be the permanent address of all the regiments, companies or individuals composing those units.

The division may move and probably will. The A.P.O. number is fixed. The soldier will move and his address will move with him. A soldier in the Artillery or Aviation of a corps or in a division will give the folks back home the A.P.O. number of that corps or division, and the M.P.E.S. will do the rest.

Geographically, some of the troops of A. P. O. 850 might be resting in billets within easy walking distance of a permanent M. P. E. S. office of quite another number, but the troops should worry about that. It is up to the M.P.E.S.

BOCHE BOMB KILLS MOTHER GALMICHE

Americans Swear to
Avenge Kindly Old
Sock Mender

Mother Galmiche is dead—Mother Galmiche who, ever since the Americans went into the sector northwest of Toul, had been mending their socks for them and mothering them in many other ways.

She was the only victim of a Boche air raid of a week ago Thursday, during which bombs were dropped behind the Toul front.

The little old grandmother was sitting outside her cottage, knitting. At her feet her three little grandchildren were playing. Suddenly, the bombs dropped in an adjoining field and burst. A fragrant flow straight at Mother Galmiche, piercing her heart.

The only consolation to the Americans who had known and loved her is that her grandchildren were unharmed. And they vow to avenge Mother Galmiche the next time they go over.

AMERICA'S SHARE IN BIG STRUGGLE WELL ON INCREASE

Slice of German Territory
Now Held by Units
of A.E.F.

BOMBING PLANES AT WORK

Railway Points Between Verdun
and Metz Attacked by Our
Airmen

MORE TROOPS REACH FRANCE

Arrivals During Week Add Mate-
rially to Number of Yankee
Fighters Now Over Here

The past week has brought fresh evidence of America's increasing participation in the war against Germany.

It was announced that American troops had taken over a sector in that part of the line which runs down through Alsace to the Swiss frontier—the first news that Americans were fighting on German territory.

It was announced that a group of American daylight bombing planes was in action behind our front and that, without losses, they had made two successful raids on railway points between Verdun and Metz.

Furthermore, the arrival of fresh contingents of fighting troops at various points increased materially the size of our army in France.

Mr. Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons on Tuesday, pointed out that it was part of the German scheme to use up the Allied reserves before the arrival of the American troops. This had failed. The number of American troops that had already come, he said, was the numbers which were pouring in this month and which would continue to pour in every month, had reached a figure which even a month or two ago the British would have thought absolutely impossible. The small rivulet had become a stream. It had now become a great river which would flow continuously under (all the whole available manpower of America, if necessary, was thrown into the scale. This, he said, was the great fact of this year.

"America is not coming into the war, she is in the war."

YANKEES NOW FIGHTING IN FOOTHILLS OF ALPS

An early morning skirmish in that part of the battle line which swings across the border into Alsace, brings to light during the past week the fact that ever since the third week in May American troops have held a sector in the foothills of the Alps near the Swiss frontier.

The Croix de Guerre has been posthumously awarded to Private W. J. Guyton, Infantry, who was killed in that sector by German machine gun fire—the first American soldier to fall on German territory.

or that sector runs through a marvellously picturesque mountain region which is German territory from the day when the trouble-breeding treaty which concluded the Franco-Prussian War tore the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine from the side of France. Some part of the lost provinces was regained by the French armies in the first weeks of the present war and has been held in a shifting battle line ever since.

First Sight of Americans

The Alsatian mountaineers had never laid eyes on an American soldier when these troops appeared behind the lines, and their coming was greeted by a great outpouring of the people, with much waving of gay handkerchiefs, blowing of kisses and tossing of flowers. It was night when the Americans went quietly forward to relieve the French and take possession of their new sector.

Dawn showed them a wonderful countryside, with the Allied line now scaling a mountain height, now dipping down into a valley. At some points the opposing lines are a mile apart and the infantry on the American ridge can only peer across the valley to the ridge where a thin dark line shows the German wire. On the other hand, in the valleys the lines are so close that the Americans and German can exchange insults by word of mouth when so disposed.

The nature of the country would indicate a dominance on artillery, and thus far the fighting there has been largely an artillery duel, with the booming of the guns at night waking a thousand Alpine echoes that pass from hill to hill and fade away in the distance.

Within Sight of Rhine

Some artillery observation posts are on the peaks and the watchers there can see far behind the enemy lines. Some days when the air is clear, they can even see the Rhine itself by the aid of a big telescope which swings in a wide slot cut in the mountain side.

Just as the Americans had been fighting in the Toul, Verdun, Lunerville and Montdidier sectors for some time before the powers that be deemed it wise to mention the fact, so the news of American troops in what—from 1871 until 1914—was German territory, could not be sent back to the United States until nearly four weeks after the Yanks went into Alsace.

YANKEE BOMBING PLANES IN TWO SUCCESSFUL RAIDS

The first group of American daylight bombing planes has already made two successful raids over German territory and returned none the worse for the experience.

The first raid was made last week on the little railroad town of Dommary-l'Armoise, some 20 miles northeast of Verdun. The second raid and Condans as its objective, a town lying a little to the west of Metz. There the bombers dropped 78 eight-kilo bombs on the German entrenchments and supply depots and they had the satisfaction of seeing the roundhouse of the railway station in flames before they flew back to France.

The initial flight was back to France, sunlit, grassy plateau and the witnesses of the auspicious occasion included flyers from the British, French and American armies—notably some of the most da-

ing Britons who have been raising such havoc by their daylight raids in the land. They saw the five bombing planes, led by the commander of the unit, rise to an altitude of a few hundred feet, turn sharply to the north and fly away toward Germany.

Greeted by Shrapnel

At the lines, only desultory firing from the anti-aircraft batteries gave notice that the enemy was on the watch, but as the Americans approached the railway junction at Dommarie-Baroncourt, there was a heavy shrapnel bombardment. This did not prevent the group of bombing planes, always maintaining the same formation in which they had crossed the lines, dropping to within a few hundred meters of the ground.

A shot from the commander's pistol announced his sighting of the railway works below and his was the first bomb dropped. Other bombs followed and everything about the railway point below was enveloped in smoke before the bombers circled and started back.

A flock of Albatrosses gave chase, but two of our own machines forced two of the Hun's to dive when they tried to cut off the bomber who was bringing up the rear. This running fight lasted all the way back to the lines.

At the lines, the triumphant five were met by the American pursuit planes which had accompanied them that far when they set out on their raid. After a hundred mile flight, they were back safe at the flyers' quarters by dusk and there a big jollification dinner was served to mark the day.

The second flight seemed more successful in terms of damage done, but it was less eventful. Only two German planes were sighted and these showed no signs of fight.

The flyer in command was an American who had served his time in the French air service and later entered the American Army.

NEW DOSE OF BING IF THERE IS DOUBT

Many Service Records Lack Complete Data on Immunization

If there is any doubt as to whether or not you have been vaccinated or "binged" and as to whether the vaccination or bing has taken effect, they're going to do it over again on you.

Hardly cheering news, but true. The whole trouble is that too many service records have been received with incomplete entries concerning immunization. "Whenever the record of immunization is incomplete, the individual soldier will be sent to a medical officer for such examination and interrogation as may be necessary to determine whether the immunization has been properly accomplished. If the evidence as to previous immunization is satisfactory to the medical officer, the record will be completed by an appropriate entry. If any doubt exists, the soldier will be re-vaccinated."

Back to the Sore Arm Squad

In other words, if they forget to put it down on your service record that you had both shots and were carved up on the arm, you get to go before a medical officer and convince him that it was all done to you. If you can't convince him, or if he is an energetic young medico, back you go to the old Sore Arm Squad.

But here's a crumb of comfort. As they are using triple vaccine on us now, the one shot does for both paratyphoid and typhoid; so, while you may have a little bigger head from the triple dose, you won't be kept trotting around and riled up, as in the old days.

As to vaccination, if you can roll up your sleeve and show a good scar, even though you've been re-vaccinated unnecessarily, all that the medico has to do is to put down on your record, under "Result," is "Unsuccessful but protected," and let it go at that.

AIR SERVICE BUCKS ALL ANXIOUS TO FLY

Enlisted Men May Be Given an Opportunity to Train

Enlisted men in the Aero Squadron of the A.E.F. have a grievance. They are not allowed to fly. Air Service regulations provide that no one shall fly an airplane but commissioned officers or cadets, at least, out of the running.

The situation has resulted in several more or less formal requests that they be allowed to fly, and has gained the assurance that, after the present supply of officers and cadets is trained, they may have an opportunity.

In the meantime the men are learning a lot about aviation, and are becoming expert in the mechanical end. Any buck private at the training camps can sit on his bunk and tell you, without looking at the type and size of any airplane that passes within hearing.

But many of the enlisted men have already "been up," and most of these "have had the stick in their hand," and controlled the machine for varying distances. Some are confident they can fly alone. In fact, one did a few days ago.

He is a private. He went out on the field one morning, got into a machine, and flew away. He was gone two hours on a cross-country flight before he brought the plane back and made a perfect landing.

A French instructor who saw the return was congratulating him upon his feat when an American officer rushed up and arrested him.

The American officer agreed that it was a creditable flight, but insisted that that rules had to be observed. The private is now in the brig.

The Pavilion Minstrels recruited from members of the A.E.F. in Paris and organized by the Y.M.C.A., are booked for the show to be given on July 4 at the Champs Elysees Theater in the Avenue Montaigne. They have already given several performances in the Paris region, the last time at the British Army and Navy Leave Club.

AMERICANS ON JOB; GERMAN PLAN FAILS

Enemy's Xivray Losses Exceed Number of Yanks in Action

INVITATIONS ARE SENT OUT

"We'll Be in Toul Monday," Reads Note Dropped by Boche Aviator

The official communiqué of the night of June 16 tells briefly the story of another failure of the Germans to catch the Americans napping on the Toul front. It says:

"This morning in the Volvre the enemy executed a local attack against the left of our position. During the attack there was brisk artillery firing. The assailants not only failed to penetrate our lines, but were thrown back with severe losses, and left several prisoners in our hands, of whom one was an officer."

This is, without boasting, the laconic official account of a creditable little operation wherein less than a company of Americans withstood three or four times as many Germans, drove them back to their own line with a loss of more men than the Americans had in the fight, took prisoners from them and sent them back empty handed.

Smoke Screens Hide Activity

A week before the attack the enemy had been seen belching out smoke clouds around Mont Sec, a long shaped hill which looks across a wide sweep of the field and swamp in the plain below where the line runs, and again two days before the attack smoke screens had been used to hide whatever activity they had been preparing. The day before the attack a strolling Boche plane had been snooping about behind our lines and by way of plausibility had dropped a note in a village which we shall call New York saying, "We are going to take New York Sunday and be in Toul Monday."

The Germans got their party together and trained it for a week behind their lines. It was a good strong party of some five or six hundred men, with a detachment of tanks, and a few machine guns. They were to crawl out into our No Man's Land, send up a rocket when it got there to set off its artillery, and come on over. The artillery was to put down a box barrage at Xivray. The party would then break up into three detachments, one to come straight on, the others to come round on the sides, catch the Americans in their dugouts and carry a few of them back to Germany.

One Thing Spoiled Plan

There was only one thing that spoiled the plan. The Americans were on the job. A scout up front caught sight of the crowd out in the No Man's Land before the Hun artillery began. He gave the alarm, whereupon machine gunners started in and then our own artillery before the German guns got going. The result was something of a slaughter in the mass of Germans out front and of those who came on notwithstanding the artillery.

Only a few reached the village streets. These were surprised and there was a fierce hand to hand fighting in the streets before the enemy finally gave it up as a bad job and went back empty handed to their own lines.

If the purpose of the raid was to take prisoners, as captured Germans declared it failed completely. The raiders did try to carry off a wounded American, whereupon a party of an officer and three men went after them, chased the Germans back to their own trenches, and brought back the almost captured doughty one on a stretcher which the Germans hadn't had time to carry away with them.

Major Moves His Bed

Perhaps the Germans were trying to get our wind up. They were dropping eight-inch shells promiscuously around in the fields away behind our lines all during the day.

One of them went through a roof and brought the house down on top of a major in his bed. The major was dug out unharmed, and then put his cot out in the garden and went to sleep again.

Another shell smashed in the front door of an infirmary. It shattered the wall alongside under the Red Cross flag, which kept on floating. Another landed outside of the village of New York before said, stowing in the wooden front of another infirmary and killing a woman which had been thoughtlessly left behind when the inhabitants made for the dugouts.

One eight-inch shell sailed into a barn which was getting up out of its bed, hit it in the nose and put it out of business, which is one for the Boche. The net result of the eight-inch efforts, the first in a long time, was that while people who had been sleeping comfortably next to the pig sties talked a lot about going out into the woods, with their cots and while one or two civilians did pack up their furniture at the family hay truck and go south, everybody went back to bed as usual in the usual place.

GOTHAM INCOME TAX UP TOWARD BILLION

America Has 206 Persons Whose Annual Incomes Exceed Million

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, June 20.—New York City will probably turn in over \$700,000,000 in income taxes. Some proud Gothamites guess at \$1,000,000,000, but the accountants don't back it up.

However, the money is pouring in so that the revenue office literally fills barrels with checks and Treasury certificates. It makes the little village feel proud, despite the dousing of Broadway gills.

To get back to the income tax, an analysis of last year's returns shows that there are 206 persons with annual incomes over \$1,000,000, and 307 with incomes between \$1,000,000 and \$500,000. One hundred and fifty thousand people had incomes of from \$5,000 to \$10,000, 72,000 reported incomes of from \$4,000 to \$5,000, and 55,000 incomes from \$3,000 to \$4,000.

A larger proportion of brokers than of any other occupational class reported incomes over \$3,000. Lawyers and judges came next and after them lumbermen and manufacturers. But—Teachers, editors, authors, saloon-keepers, actors, musicians, preachers, and farmers came way at the end of the list.

"NOTHING TO REPORT"

When Major Pitcairn's red-coats went a-flyin' down the road From Lexington to Boston before the Yankees' gaud, The Minute Men communicated, as soon as breath they caught: "Upon the Massachusetts front, there's nothing to report."

When Washington, debouching from the icy Delaware, Marched into sleepy Trenton town and bagged the Hessians there, The Continental Congress got these hurried words and short: "Upon the whole New Jersey front, there's nothing to report."

When Andrew Jackson did his bit way down New Orleans way, Did Andy send to Madison a loud hip-hip hooray? Not on your life: Old Hickory just scribbled, with a snort: "Upon the Mississippi front, there's nothing to report."

When General Scott (the elder) licked old per-leg Santa Ana In Mexico, and thus advanced our well-known starry banner, These were his words to Jamps K. Polk, to tell him how 'twas fought: "Upon the Cerro Gordo front, there's nothing to report."

When U. S. Grant and R. E. Lee signed up and called it quits, Did U. S. Grant indulge himself in linguistic fits? No so; he sent to Lincoln this illuminating thought: "Upon the Appomattox front, there's nothing to report."

When Dewey blew Montefio out of fair Manila Bay, He didn't pad the tidings; there were cable tolls to pay. He thus informed McKinley of the victory he'd wrought: "Upon the Philippine front, there's nothing to report."

When the Allied Armies' heavy guns have battered down Berlin And we have strung the Kaiser up to answer for his sin, We bet that President Wilson will get something of this sort: "Upon the Prusso-German front, there's nothing to report."

YANKS LEARN MORE OF GERMAN METHODS

Dead Hun Found in Cap- tured Woods Chained to Gun

BELGIAN FORCED TO FIGHT

"Kamerad" Who So Treacherously
Stabbed Marine Gets Caught
Just the Same

Stories of German methods—which are being unearthed with each new struggle, little or big, between Yank and Hun along the Château-Thierry front. They are not, most of them, new stories; they are stories which were old before we came to France, but which, hearing at second or third hand, or reading in accounts where the proof was indirect at best, we did not always take the trouble to believe.

But the men who have fought north-west of Château-Thierry, having seen and heard, now believe.

When one Infantry company had finally cleared a wood of the nests of machine guns that infested it, they found a single dead German beside one of the guns. His mates had fled. Perhaps he himself would have fled—if he had not been chained to the gun. Yankee shrapnel or a Yankee rifle ball had found him there, and the advancing Yankee troops came squarely upon the evidence of German atrocity to its own kind.

A wounded Belgian, in German uniform, taken prisoner last week, told how he had crossed the German border and been forced into active service against his will. And he was not the only Belgian, he said, who had been so treated.

Lured by Fake Telegram

A prisoner who spoke excellent English asserted that he had been in America when the war broke out, but hurried to Germany on receipt of a cablegram saying that his mother was desperately ill. Once he reached Germany, it was no trouble at all to get him into the German Army.

A Marine was bringing in a prisoner who had thrown up his hands and shouted "Kamerad" at the first encounter. On the way in, the prisoner caught up a knife and dropped the Marine in his tracks. A litter boy brought in the Yankee, and not long after another litter boy brought in the German, who had been wounded later in the fight. They did not ride back to the field hospital in the same ambulance.

Two Hun prisoners, one slightly, one very seriously wounded, were brought to a field hospital together and placed on cots side by side.

The prisoner who was slightly wounded began to boast. There were plenty of German reserves, he said; Germany could keep up her attacks wherever she chose indefinitely, despite her losses; yes, there were plenty of reserves.

"Sie lügen!" cried the other. "You lie!"

A few hours later he died, and his body now lies in the little cemetery in a quiet corner of the hospital grounds.

NEW K. OF C. HEADQUARTERS

The Knights of Columbus have opened their new general A.E.F. headquarters at 16 Place de la Madeleine, Paris. The rooms are being renovated and, when the lighting system has been fully installed, will be open evenings and Sundays, as well as during the day, for all American soldiers.

Wear AERTEX CELLULAR

Underwear
for health and comfort
during summer campaign

It is easily washed, very durable and does not shrink. In addition to which it is very inexpensive.

VESTS Each 5/0
With short sleeves or no sleeves. (7/6)
Size of chest required.

TRUNK DRAWERS Pair 5/8
With short sleeves and short, 12 1/2 in. waist. Size of waist required.

UNION SUITS Suit 8/6
Comprising chest & trunk drawers (12 1/2 in. in one suit. Size of chest and height required.

DAY SHIRTS Each 8/6
With short sleeves and short, 12 1/2 in. to button. Size of collar 14 in. (12 1/2 in. required.)

WRITE FOR AERTEX BOOKLET.

Robinson & Cleaver

156-163 Regent St., LONDON, W.1.

England

WEST POINT CLASS THIRD IN 14 MONTHS

Diplomas Are Awarded to 137 Men Before Distinguished Audience

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—The United States Military Academy graduated its third class since the declaration of war before an audience of distinguished visitors, including Secretary Baker; General March, Chief of the General Staff; General Sibert, of the gas division; General Hodges, commanding the 70th division at Camp Devens, and General Donaldson.

There were 137 graduates. John Paul Dean, of Worcester, Mass., was the first honor man, and the next nine were: P. H. Timothy, Nashville; Hugh J. Casey, Brooklyn; Robert E. Hamilton, Ambidge, Penn.; Patrick H. Tansey, Memphis; Hans Kramer, Detroit; A. G. Matthews, West Point; A. B. Shattuck, Lake George, N. Y.; T. H. Hewitt, Northwood, Iowa; M. C. Grenata, Loui, Cal.

New York University this year gave degrees to 706 graduates, of whom 132 were recorded as being in the national service. Fordham gave 187 degrees, and many of the graduates were in uniform.

Incidentally, New York University gave Charles M. Schwab a degree in commercial science—D.C.S., or C.S.D., according to whether you Anglicize or Latinize it. The result is that the director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation can now style himself Dr. Schwab.

FAMILY HOTEL, 7, Ave. du Trocadéro.
Full board from 10 francs.

SOLDIERS
Have your Portraits taken by
WALERY
9 bis, Rue de Londres, à Paris. Tel. Gut. 50-72.
SPECIAL PRICES TO AMERICANS

MACHINE GUN CHIEF FOR EVERY DIVISION

Additional Member of Staff Will Be Lieutenant Colonel

Each division of the A.E.F. is going to have its machine gun officer from now on. He will be an additional officer—that is, one more officer on the division commander's staff, and he will have the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

His duties, as set forth in a new general order, will be to keep the division commanders informed at all times as to the efficiency of the machine gun units of the division; to advise the division commander on all matters affecting these units' efficiency, and particularly on their proper tactical co-ordination in plans of attack or defense.

It is also provided that for combined instruction, or when the tactical situation requires it, the division commander may place the divisional machine gun officer in direct command of all or any part of the machine gun units at his disposal.

THE CURTAIN! QUICK!!!

Corporal: Say, Sarge, in what state would a man be if he fell into the river Seine?

Sergeant: A wet state, I guess.

Corporal: No, insane.

(Corporal now a private).

**HOTEL
CONTINENTAL**
3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

MUSICIANS ATTENTION!

Musicians of the National Army desiring to become attached to one of the best Artillery Bands in France, communicate, giving experience and instrument, care of Bandmaster, THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

HOTEL D'ALBE CHAMPS-ELYSEES
AND AVENUE DE L'ALMA, PARIS

HOTEL PLAZA ATHENÉE
25, AVENUE MONTAIGNE, PARIS

GRANDE MAISON de BLANC

LONDON PARIS CANNES
No Branch in New York
GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY,
Ladies' Lingerie
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opéra).

Member of the Federal Reserve System
United States Depositary of Public Moneys
Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers

Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the

AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY
SERVING IN FRANCE
LONDON, 3 King William St., E.C.

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES

CREDIT LYONNAIS

Head Office: LYONS
Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens

BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF

EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS

Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following:
Amiens, Angers, Angoulême, Bar-le-Duc, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Cetta, Chaumont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epervier, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseille, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochefort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Etienne, Toulon, Tours, Trouville, Troyes, Vannes, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Isodon, Nevers, Saint-Raphael, Vierzou.

ASK FOR

ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S

CABLE AND MAIL FORMS

When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the

CREDIT LYONNAIS and the COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE

At their Branches throughout France.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
—subject to check—and Funds may be handed to Branch Offices of
the above Banks with instructions to remit same to:—

ADAMS EXPRESS CO.

28 Rue du 4-Septembre, PARIS

SAVE TIME IN SECURING YOUR PAY by requesting Quartermasters on your endorsed
Pay Voucher to assign pay checks direct to ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, for your credit.

REGIMENTAL, COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

ADAMS

Pure Chewing Gum



Relieves the Thirst Prevents Fatigue Beneficial on the March

ADAMS PEPSIN
ADAMS CHICLETS
ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT
ADAMS BLACKJACK
ADAMS SPEARMINT
BEEMANS PEPSIN
YUCATAN

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM IS ON SALE AT ARMY CANTEENS AND Y.M.C.A. HUTS

THE HOUSE OF ADAMS FOUNDED THE CHEWING GUM INDUSTRY
AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY.

300 WAR ORPHANS ADOPTED BY A.E.F.; BALLOONS NOW IN

Third Line Trench Carried
with 39 Orders in
Past Week

NAVAL AIRMEN REGISTER

"Scheme Nearly Knocked Them
Cold," Is Report of Sky
Sailors

BAKERS ON PARRAINS' LIST

Fine Observation by Flyers Big
Factor in Boosting Figure—God-
mothers Are Heard from

TAKEN THIS WEEK

LT. F. A. W. and W. H. E.	1
Off. Staff, 2nd Bn., F. A.	1
Officers and Enlisted Men, Co. D.	1
Balloon Sq.	4
Company B., Balloon Sq.	4
Battery Co., No. 1, M.C.	1
Co. C., Balloon Sq.	1
Hq. Co., Balloon Sq.	1
Balloon Replacement Sq.	1
Co. D Club, Engrs., Ry.	1
Personnel, Office of Chief Q.M., H.Q.	1
S.O.S.	1
Officers of the Artillery	1
Co. A., M.G. Bn.	1
LT., S.C.	1
Roselle S. Wilson, Y.M.C.A.	1
Co. A., Inf.	1
Unit No., Graves Registration Service	1
U.S. Naval Air Station	8
Joy and Claire Gerbaulet	1
Field and Staff Officers, Engrs., Ry.	1
Company G., Balloon Sq.	2
Ros. and Insp. Div., S.C.	1
Co. B., U.S. Engrs.	1
J. R. R. (Miss fund)	1
Previously adopted	261
Total	300

This was balloon week in the adoption of French war orphans under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan.

The visibility improved suddenly early in the week and continued good for so long that no less than six units of balloon men were able to observe the opportunity to enlist enthusiastic human little mascots and smooth out the wrinkles in their troubled lives for a year. And the aeromats did such helpful work—directing the fire as it were—that the A.E.F. went right about and captured the third line trenches. The total reached the 300 mark.

Company D., Balloon Squadron, spotted four orphans at once, and immediately telephoned down to the ground, beating out by two hours Company B., Balloon Squadron, who came down in a parachute for a like number. Company C., Balloon Squadron, went third to pick up and locate the proposition and order three, and this was followed by three other squadrons taking four orphans, making a total of 15 for the balloon men for the week.

Not a Bad Second, Either
Second to the aeromats—and not a bad second at that—ran the naval aviators. The Navy flyers got right up in the air, too, and spotted eight in a group, which were adopted by various units of a certain naval air station.

"The scheme nearly knocked them cold," wrote the flyers of the air. "Interest in French orphans went sky high, and I think it advisable to try and create a permanent fund at this station."

"It might be interesting to you to know that we had the 560 francs we originally started out to get within two hours, and that after we had exceeded this and passed the 2,000 franc mark, a collection was taken in a box which amounted to 556 francs. When we finished, we had half a bushel of money containing coins from 13 different nations and one 100 franc note. This 556 francs was taken up in less than ten minutes."

"We would like to have several questions answered," continued the airmen. "Some of these are: 'What unit of the A.E.F. holds the record for single contributions, etc.' 'Are there more boys than girls waiting to be adopted?' 'Is it true that there are very few French children that have red hair?' 'Can an orphan be sent to the United States?'"

The Record Holders
For the benefit of all concerned, it may be said that an Ohio regiment last week adopted 54 orphans, which is the regimental record. Two companies of the same regiment adopted five children each, which is the high mark for companies. One Aero Squadron has five children, and others have four. And then we have the two balloon squadrons this week with four each.

As to the other questions, The available children are about equally divided between boys and girls, but girls have been more asked for, and the Red Cross committee in charge of selecting the children has been favoring the boys in filling most of the requests sent in which mention no choice. There are no red-headed children in France—not real red, anyhow.

The present French law on legal adoption is so rigid that actual adoption of war orphans by members of the A.E.F. is practically impossible. At the termination of the war it may be changed, but it is apparent that France will need her children, particularly her boys, and it is doubtful if they will be permitted to leave. The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES aims merely to help these needy children temporarily over a very critical period in their lives.

Bakers Come In, Too
The Bakers—we had forgotten the Bakers a couple of weeks ago when we announced that all branches of the A.E.F. were represented in the list of parrains, so much so we take our daily bread for granted—came in in an adoption this week. The Graves Registration Service also became represented among the A.E.F.'s parrains, Unit No. — taking one child.

"We feel proud of the fact that we are able to be of some assistance to one of these worthy children," said the Bakers. "We heartily approve of the interest you have taken in so worthy a cause."

The personnel of the office of the Chief Q.M. took an orphan a month ago, but the 500 franc mark was exceeded so quickly that the subscription was continued until a second 500 francs was gathered for another.

Also, godmothers appeared this week for two children. Miss Rosalie S. Wilson, of the Y.M.C.A., asked for a little boy between the age of three and five, and the Misses Joy and Claire Gerbaulet, "The Army and Navy Girls" asked for a boy of four.

"OLD KIP"

Oh, they ain't long on the highbrow in this Yankee gang of ours.
And they don't read Walter Pater in their precious leisure hours.
But they do like simple soldiers' songs, a-full of pep and zip—
And the guy what's wrote the best of 'em is Mister Rudyard Kipling!

So, it's good old cheery Kip—(you will pardon us our lip—
But we like your stuff so mighty well formally we'll skip)—
You have lightened many a load with your poems of camp and road,
And you've kept us grinning cheery 'neath the Top's or Skipper's goad!

We get thrilled on "Danny Deever," and, before we hit the hay,
There's a chorus round the fire singing "Road to Mandalay!"
When we're feelin' sentimental, there's that "Mother" thing o' yours
That just lifts us out o' France back to our own Atlantic shores!

We have felt like little Mowgli—oh, a lot o' times this year!—
All so helpless in the jungle, but your song has brought us cheer:
For when shells is bustin' round us, and it's mighty hard to grin,
We can gather heart and courage from the tale o' Gunga Din!

Though we cannot say of Fritz what you said of Fuzzy Wuzzu,
We can bear with him as patient like us Mr. Job o' Iz.
If we only have a volume of a tattered sort of scrip,
Filled from title-page to back-page with the dittie of Old Kip!

So, it's good old sunny Kip—(you might call us kind o' flip
For addressin' you familiar-like—but you don't care a rip.)—
To your arm more power be; and when this here scrap's "over,"
We will bless the name of Kipling through all North America!

A PROUD PARRAIN



D.S.G. AWARDS

Distinguished Service Crosses have been awarded to the following members of the A.E.F. for gallantry in action:

MAJOR ALEXANDER RASMUSSEN, Inf., U.S.R. (Posthumous).

SERGEANT GRAY E. SWINGLE, U.S. Eng. (Posthumous).

CORPORAL THOMAS A. CARROLL, Inf.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS LESLIE M. LANE, Inf.

PRIVATE OSCAR GRIFFITH, Medical Dept. (Posthumous).

PRIVATE FRANK J. GOLDCAMP, U.S. Eng.

To Captain Charles J. Biddle, A.S., S.C., U.S.R., and to Privates First Class Mark V. Brennan, Edward A. G. Wylie, Harold E. Purdy and John O'Malley Dale, the Commander-in-Chief has written letters of commendation. General Pershing's words to the four enlisted men were:

"I have heard with great pleasure of your fine conduct. The soldierly qualities exhibited by you on this occasion are admired throughout the command."

HUN AVIATOR'S CAP SENT TO PRESIDENT

Former Washington Po-
liceman Finds Nippers
Useful in War

Within about a week from now there will be presented to President Wilson a German aviator's cap, together with a number of his shoulder straps—just a reminder to the President, that Captain Philip Browne, M.C., N.A., formerly of the Washington Police Force, hasn't forgotten the days when he used to help protect the President from cranks and crooks.

Captain Browne, who has strayed far from his original precinct, came upon a German aviator who had landed with intent to trespass in a field of good French wheatfield, took him prisoner, got him away from an enraged crowd of French civilians, and turned him over to the French authorities encased in a real old-fashioned pair of American police handcuffs. And the French authorities, in return for the gift, decided that the souvenirs for the President were quite in order.

The way it happened was this: Shortly after noon on June 7 the alerte was sounded to note the approach of hostile airplanes. One was seen far up in the clouds, and was immediately pursued by two French planes. After about half an hour the German was forced out into the open and into the barrage of the French anti-aircraft guns.

The Boche machine—a Fokker tri-plane—was hit, but after a long fall the aviator regained control of it, and proceeded to attempt to land. Captain Browne, who had been a witness of the air-battle, jumped into an automobile with several French officers, and hastened toward the spot where it seemed that the Fokker would land. Down it came plump in the middle of a wheatfield. Covering the German with his revolver, Captain Browne advanced. The aviator, standing coolly at attention, surrendered to the American, and was about the most surprised man in the world when he saw his captor produce the handcuffs. He didn't know that he had run into a professional capturer, but that is just what had happened to him.

FIRE BUFFS GET CHANCE

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—Here's a chance for the "Buffs," the fire-finders, the would-be Boys-That-Fight-The-Flames, whose name in any big city is Legion. New York is going to enroll 4,000 volunteer firemen, to make up for the shortage caused by the departure of many regular firemen for the work of mounting the ladder and putting the hooks into the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

Already more than 1,000 amateur smoke-eaters have volunteered to fill the gaps caused by draft and enlistments in the ranks of Pa "Knickerbocker's" save-much-cheese-ers—going to show that love for the great American sport of running with the old engine is not dead yet.

NO HOME WORRIES IS IDEA OF LATEST RED CROSS BUREAU

Continued from Page 1
cattle, horses, no debts, family good health."

Allotments Cause Worries
But the bulk of the cases arise from soldiers who are worried because months have gone by without their hearing from home at all and from those who have made allotments and have reason to believe that the families are not yet receiving the checks from Washington.

In the latter cases, the Red Cross starts a still hunt for the stray allotment form and in the meanwhile tips off the local committee in the home town of the soldier that a little direct help with the landlord and the grocer or a straight cash loan might be acceptable till the regular funds begin to arrive.

Occasionally, the query arises, not here but back home, and it becomes the business of the Home Service to remind such and such a soldier that, whereas there is no law to make him do it, an allotment in favor of his grandmother would be very welcome. Then, too, there is an occasional officer to prod, for the compulsory allotment law does not apply to officers, and now and then a captain must be advised that his wife and children are in need.

Long Busy in America

A million men could not suddenly pull up stakes and go off to war without leaving a good many family affairs at loose ends, and the Home Service of the Red Cross in camps back in America had 70,000 cases to settle in six months.

These cases have been of every variety, and in their documents you may read countless comedies and tragedies, stories of love and sacrifice and stupidity and villainy. Sometimes a check will answer the question raised. Sometimes swift and delicate action is called for—as in the case of the soldier who, at an embarkation camp in America, was dashed by telegrams from his mother and brother reporting scandal of his wife and bidding him take immediate steps to divorce her.

That called for instant action, and before he sailed, the workers of the Home Service were able to prove to him that what he had suspected was true—the telegrams had been part of a plot against his wife when he was no longer there to protect her.

You ought not to worry about anything else in this world except Germans. It is the business of the Red Cross to see that you don't worry about things back home if they can help it. Whatever the need in your case, they will try to meet it, by mail if possible, by cable if necessary. Ship your worries to the Home Service.

And everything you tell them will be guarded as confidential.

DULL DAYS ALONG COAST

[BY CARLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—Except for the darkening of the electric light signs, New York City hardly thinks of submarines. One week seems to be the city's limit for getting exercised over little things like that.

Coney Island and the New Jersey seaside resorts have been so far from the Kaiser has bothered them enough, and are wiggling for permission to light up again. Potsdam can't scare the American frankfurter, even though the animal was of probable German nationality.

FORD CANDIDACY SOLE RIPPLE IN SEA OF POLITICS

Democratic and Republi-
can Warhorses Don't
Know What to Do

SUMMER SURE TO BE ACTIVE

Col. Roosevelt Will Not Take Sides
in Fight for New York
Governorship

By J. W. MULLER

American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

AMERICA, June 20.—A chaste peace prevailed on all this front during the past week, as if the whole country were at Sunday School. Nobody slammed anybody else. Nobody brought charges of strictly fresh advice to Washington. Nobody proclaimed loudly that the country was going to the dogs.

The only occurrence making even a ripple of excitement was the acceptance by Henry Ford of the Democratic nomination to the United States Senate from Michigan. His nomination has produced a flood of controversy more interesting for its ingenuity and its complexity than for its illumination.

Good old Democratic war horses plaintively denounce Ford as a Republican. Republican warhorses, who don't want him to get the Republican nomination, too, declare he is a mighty poor Republican. Meanwhile, a quiet movement aims at fusion, and if Ford does not get the Republican nomination, it is expected that he will get a second nomination anyway from some nonpartisan independent organization.

Many Feroocious Skirmishes

Political advance patrols on both sides have already had ferocious skirmishes and people who hate a quiet life anticipate a delightful summer. The perturbation of the Michigan Republicans shows graphically how utterly the good old political trench system has been eliminated in favor of a war of movement. A few years ago, a Republican nomination in Michigan was equivalent to election.

The political genius displayed in picking Ford for the Democratic nomination is universally admitted. It creates conditions which split the State wide open and probably affects other State situations sympathetically.

New York's governorship fight is becoming serious on the Republican side, with the Democrats hold back and keep their candidates under excellent camouflage. Governor Whitman and Attorney General Morton E. Lewis are the chief Republican candidates, and so far their chances are about even to the ordinary eye.

Col. Roosevelt, returning from the West, has issued a formal statement that he will take no part on either side in this governorship contest. His declaration of strict neutrality is particularly interesting to the politicians because the Colonel's nephew is managing the Lewis campaign.

HOW ABOUT CHECKERS?

They're much to be good. Anyway here's their challenge: "The — Field Artillery will meet all comers in the field of sport. Wrestling, boxing, bucko-busting, roping, bulldozing, music and any other sport." You are asked to address Sgt. Thompson, Battery B — Field Artillery, A.P.O. 703.

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES
The best and lowest priced direct prices
TIRANTY
91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS
Center of the Parisian district, near the Gare d'Orléans, 10 minutes' walk from the Gare d'Orléans.
Special service for French & American correspondents.

The
'MODERN OPTICAL Co.'
(AMERICAN SYSTEM)
OPTICIENS SPECIALISTES pour la VUE
N. QUENTIN, Directeur.
5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS.
10% Reduction to Americans.

J. COQUILLOT
BOOT MAKER
Trench Boots, Riding Boots,
Puttees and Aviators' Needs
FURNISHER to SAUMUR.
75 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

OLD ROMANCE WAKES FOR SALVAGE SARGE

Search Among Clothes of
Wounded Man Reveals
Ancient History

"Funny thing," began a sergeant of a certain salvage unit near the front. "The things you'll run into when you're sorting over this junk."

"Look at this pile of wounded guys' clothes, sent up from the field hospital. It was in just such a pile as that that I got one of the surprises of my life. 'I was poking it over to see how much of it could be saved and how much could be scrapped, when out of a pocket rolled a picture, the picture of a girl. Well, I'm human, and I picked it up to look at it. And I'm a son-of-a-gun if it wasn't a girl I used to go with steady some ten years ago!'"

"Seeing I was on the scent, and to make sure, I picked up the blouse and looked in the pockets. I found another picture, and on it the information that she was a Mrs. Somebody or other now, and that the guy who'd been wounded was the Mr. of the family."

"Well, I picked out the two pictures, got the fellow's address from a letter in his pocket, and went on working. But as soon as I can get anything like time off from this junkman's job, I'm going to try and bum a ride down to the hospital and see if he wants anything done for him. He must have been a pretty decent sort of a fellow, wouldn't have married him. . . . Yes, she thought pretty well of me; oh, I hate myself, I do!"

"All the same, doesn't it beat the devil? I hadn't heard from her in a good eight years—no news of any kind—and then the first bit of info I get is from her picture in the middle of a pile of torn up O.D. and scrapped gear way up in the north of France! 'It's a funny little old world, now isn't it?'"

HOTEL BRIGHTON
PARIS
218 Rue de Rivoli
PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH
MODERATE PRICES

AMERICAN EYE GLASSES
E. B. Meyrowitz
OPTICIAN
LONDON 1, Old Bond St. PARIS 3, Rue Scribe.

"BRUYERE
ROUGE"
7/6
Postage to France 1/-
The Favored and Favourite
MILITARY PIPE
An exquisitely finished Italian Briar. Push
mouthpiece of 5-1/2 hand-cut Para Vulture, strong
and carefully adjusted. Smokes freely from start
to finish. Inexpensive—handmade—serviceable.
Straight or bent. No metal tubes are inserted
in these pipes. This ensures a cool smoke.
Meyrowitz-Pipes and Evans also supply their
VERY-FINEST QUALITY
EGYPTIAN
CIGARETTES
Meyrowitz quality under best regulations—guaranteed free
of lead-including 1000's
400 for \$1-16-4
(Cheaper and Resistance to
EVANS & EVANS
Trench Boots & Puttees
34 THE HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1.
Telephone 4911 (4 lines) Newsstand for all Special
Orders and Deliveries

MACDOUGAL & CO.
ARNOLD STEWART Successor
AMERICAN
MILITARY
TAILORS
PARIS 1bis Rue Aubert
Corner Rue Scribe
Orders Executed in 48 Hours.
Our services at the disposal of
American Officers requiring
information of any description.

HOTEL
LOTTI
THE NEWEST AND
MOST COMPLETE
7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione
(Taileries)
PARIS

GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS
The Firm that Imports the New York Successes and KEEPS them Successful in London.

SHAFESBURY THEATRE
Shaftesbury Avenue—Gerrard: 3243
"BE CAREFUL, BABY!"
(which, in the States, was "TWIN BEDS")
WITH HELEN RAYMOND
Margaret Bannerman, Edward Conner, Peggy Moran and Magnificent Company.
Every Evening at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.
Transferred from Apollo Theatre.

PRINCE'S THEATRE
Shaftesbury Avenue (top end)—Gerrard: 3400
"YES, UNCLE!"
(Much the Most Successful Musical Comedy in London)
With the famous company and super-beauty-chorus that was recently
transferred from the Gaiety Theatre, lock, stock and barrel.
NOTE.—American Soldiers on leave in London will enjoy best, and should
visit first, GROSSMITH & LAURILLARD'S show. This firm imports all
the most popular New York successes, and stages them in London on
American lines and with American disregard of expense.

To American Officers
Fighting in France.
For Military Work
the Best Boots are Essential
Faulkner & Son make nothing
but the best, and are equipping
thousands of British Officers
with footwear. Write for de-
scriptive booklets of Boots, Leg-
gings, and Spurs, also Self-measurement Apparatus (Regis-
tered) if unable to call. We accept all responsibility as
to fit.

Faulkner & Son 51 & 52 South Molton St.,
Bond Street, London, and
SPECIALISTS IN SERVICE BOOTS & LEGGINGS 26 Trinity St., Cambridge.

The STOLL THEATRES IN LONDON SMOKING
PERMITTED

The ALHAMBRA
Facing the famous Leicester Square
EVERY EVENING 7.40
Matinees Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2
THE BING BOYS
ON BROADWAY
GEORGE ROBEY
(England's Greatest Comedian)
VIOLET LORRAINE
and Star Cast

NEW
MIDDLESEX
THEATRE
IN THE FAMOUS DRURY LANE
THE HOME OF REVUE
A New Revue Every Week
Throughout the Year
Next Week: The Big Production
"JUST MY LUCK"
A New Farce Musical Revue
TWICE NIGHTLY 6.15 & 8.20

THE LONDON
COLISEUM
CHANCERY CROSS, Facing Trafalgar Square
Europe's Principal
Variety Theatre
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY
Present Attractions Include
Dion Boucicault & Co. Neil Kenyon
Malcolm Scott Beatie & Babs, etc.
Coming Attractions Include
Alfred Lester & Co. The Russian Ballet
TEA DAILY 2.30 & 7.45
TEA ROOMS AND CAFES

The STOLL
PICTURE
THEATRE
(London Opera House) KINGSWAY
THE MOST PALATIAL
PICTURE THEATRE IN
EUROPE
All the Latest 5-act Dramas, Comedies,
War Pictures & Topical Events
Vocal Selections, Symphony Orchestra,
Thousands of Luxurious Seats, 50 Private Boxes
TEA ROOMS.
DAILY FROM 2 TO 10.30
Sundays 6 to 10.30

AT ALL OF THE ABOVE THEATRES
AMBASSADOR GERARD'S SERIAL FILM
MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.

Artistic
Portraits.
21, BOND STREET
Rexlinger 40% reduction on
usual prices.
PARIS (Near the Opera),
PHOTOGRAPHER

Chartered 1822
The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company
PARIS NEW YORK BORDEAUX
41 Boulevard Haussmann 8 Cours du Chapeau-Rouge
LONDON: 15 Old Broad Street, E.C.2
16 Pall Mall East, S.W.1
Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone
United States Depository of Public Moneys in
Paris, New York & London.
The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout
France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for
Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

FOR THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARMIES
THE BEST DISHES READY FOR USE
ARE PREPARED
BY
Amieux freres
Poulet rôti
Veau à la gelée
Volaille au fenouil
Saucisses à la tomate
Bœuf aux Choux
Pâtés truffés
Galanines
Sardines, etc.
Cassoulet
Petit Salé aux Choux
Porc aux Haricots
Mouton braisé
SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES

DRILLS, TAPS, DIES etc.
HIGH SPEED & CARBON STEEL
MACHINE-TOOLS
THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE
BUREAU et MAGASIN: 147-148 AVENUE MALAKOFF-PARIS
Téléphone: 81-38

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Editorial: Guy T. Viakniakki, Capt., Inf., N.A. (Editor and General Manager); Alexander Woolcott, Sgt., M.D.N.A.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.B.N.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.; John T. Winterich, Pvt., A. S.; H. W. Ross, Pvt., Engrs., Ry.; C. Le Roy Baldridge, Post, Inf.

Business: R. H. Waldo, Capt., Inf., U.S.R.; William K. Michael, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.R.; Milton J. Ayers, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.R.; Adolph Ochs, 2nd Lieut., Cav., U.S.R.; Stuart Carroll, Q.M. Sgt., Q.M.C.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers 6s. 6d. for six months, to civilians 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States \$2.00 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

The STARS AND STRIPES, G.2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21, 1918.

DISCOURAGING

"It is more or less discouraging to the reserve officers," writes an officer to this paper, "to see no advancement as a reward for conscientious effort when provisional second lieutenants who completed the same course—"

Etc., etc., etc.

It is more or less discouraging—or would be for some people—to be a private, spend a tolerably uncomfortable winter in a dugout or an Adrian barracks, neither of them steam-heated, and then, when spring comes, hike a hundred and fifty kilometers along a dusty road into battle and die there.

It will be more or less discouraging for most of the reserve officers to find that there is one among them who thinks and feels as we have quoted him above.

For there are a whole lot of old-fashioned people in the Army, both officers and men, who have come into the war to serve their country.

Of course, there's nothing to be said for them. It's such a terribly old-fashioned idea.

THE CAMPAIGN HAT

The man in the S.O.S. sighs for a chance with the death or glory boys up front and, once a week or thereabouts, expresses his regrets in verse. But now he has a mighty consolation. If a soldier is a forester—which, by the law of chances, he probably is not—or if his job is in the Service of Supplies, he may once more sport that finest of headgear, that good old honest-to-God bonnet, the campaign hat.

That much reconquered territory it now holds. The overseas cap still holds the Z. of A. It—or something equally flexible and pocketable—is the only practical cap up front in the land of shrapnel, where the steel helmet is a blessing and a necessity. But there are many of the Z. of A. who are miles away from the German guns and whose daily work and life does not call for a hat in any way different from the one worn in the basest of base ports.

The time honored sombrero may be expensive and it may take up a lot of room. There is no doubt that it gets perverted out of shape the day before inspection. But it keeps the sun and the rain out of a man's eyes, it keeps him from looking like a German prisoner, and it lets him go abroad in the daylight without a feeling that all the good people of France are humming under their breaths that popular ditty of a generation ago: "Where did you get that hat?"

CHATEAU-THIERRY

Infantry and Marines share alike the glory of Chateau-Thierry.

Not all the fighting was in that little junction town on the Marne, or even near it; but, thanks to our Yankee passion for labelling things, the swift succession of attack on attack along that whole sector during the first vivid days of June is likely to go down in the history of France and America as the battle of Chateau-Thierry.

If the future historian of that fighting shall record that both Infantryman and Marine won their laurels which shall never fade, glory which shall never be dimmed, he will be stating the truth, but stating it in more words than he needs.

For instead of writing Infantryman and Marine, he can say simply, "The American soldier."

A LIBEL

Germany torpedoed the Sussex, with Americans on board, Germany later, as a result of our protest, solemnly agreed to cease her ruthless submarine warfare.

Yet six weeks after she had given that promise, Count von Bernstorff, her ambassador to the United States, asked his Government to advise him in plenty of time before the submarine campaign was resumed—in order that he might make preparations to cripple the United States if, as a result of the resumption, it came into the war.

We have this new revelation of German duplicity from no less a person than Secretary of State Lansing. In the light of it, and the great mass of similar evidence in possession of the United States of the utter worthlessness of Germany's word, to call Germany the skunk among the nations is grossly to libel the skunk.

CITED

The temporary adoption of French war orphans and the children of war-maimed soldiers under THE STARS AND STRIPES plan received a fine impetus last week when an Infantry regiment—which we are fortunate in being able to designate more specifically as "an Ohio regiment"—took 54 mascots.

The regiment made a campaign for francs which was directed by the chaplain and two buck private and forwarded a cigar box full of more or less tattered paper money. It was a generous offering. But the money was gathered just after payday, and we are assured that its collection didn't impoverish any of the 3,600 men concerned. Yet it will provide comfort and

education for a year for 54 children at a critical period in their lives, and appreciably lessen the difficulties of many widowed mothers and little brothers and sisters. The memory of this Ohio regiment will be cherished long in France.

THE UNIFORM

An imposing motor car whirled through the town filled to the brim with imposing beings all adorned with the Sam Browne belt. It passes a knot of soldiers who snap to attention and salute smartly before relapsing. They are already gazing at the tail-lights when one of the men in the tonneau catches on the wind the muttered comment: "Oh, hell, it was only those war correspondents."

There are so many men in and about the A.E.F. who are not soldiers at all, but who can be distinguished from officers only after a careful scrutiny in a bright light, that it is small wonder some of our French friends are puzzled and our own enlisted men confused.

A letter on this subject, written by a plaintive private and published on this page a fortnight ago, suggested that "the wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers of the Army and that the seal, with the eagle, arrows and all be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone."

A good many agree with him. A good many think, for that matter, that the war correspondent, the Red Cross worker, the Y.M.C.A. secretary, the Knights of Columbus and the Salvation Army man should each wear a uniform so distinctive in cut and color that he could be recognized a block away—that, thus attired, he would be happier and the whole Army better off. The fewer the Distinguished Service Crosses awarded the greater the honor each will carry. The less freely and the less promiscuously the Sam Browne belt is distributed, the more it will mean and the greater respect it will command.

GO AHEAD, GERMANY

Germany wants to get Von Rintelen, the arch-plotter and co-worker of Bernstorff, Boy-Ed, Von Papen and company, now held prisoner in the United States, back in the fold. With characteristic German tact, she informed the United States that if he were not exchanged there would be severe reprisals on American prisoners in Germany; and all the world knows what German reprisals mean.

The reply of the United States was swift, sharp, and clear. It told Germany that if she maltreated any American it would "inevitably be understood to invite similar reciprocal action on the part of the United States with respect to the great number of German subjects in America." The old Mosaic law of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is stiff business, but it is the only kind of business which the Hun understands. There are scores of Germans in the United States for every American interned or held prisoner in Germany. Go ahead, Germany, America has served notice.

THE ONLY TEST

From time to time we are wont to ponder "on the stuff of which heroes are made." We reflect upon it subconsciously, just as some of us ruminate—or once did ruminate—on how we are going to feel under fire. Psychologists never have been able to classify and catalogue the qualities that go to the making of a hero. There is no way of telling one in advance.

Offhand, no one would have said a few months ago that a dentist named Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle would be a hero. Without passing an opinion as to whether or not his mother raised him to be a soldier, it is fair to assume that she didn't name him for one.

And yet Aloysius Lucius Lamar Lyle joined the Army and came to France as a dental officer, and two or three weeks ago was cited for unusual bravery on the battlefield. Under heavy shell fire, he went to the aid of a wounded man in peril of bleeding to death, quenched the flow of blood and carried him to safety.

The only test for a hero is the opportunity.

A BIT OF AMERICA

She is an old, or at least an elderly woman. The place where she lives is a particularly ugly little American manufacturing town; its inhabitants are largely what we used to call foreigners.

The State had been helping her for many years. It was not much, but that monthly allowance, which she called for regularly at the office of the city clerk, was the slender thread that kept both ends of life together.

When she paid her April call, the city clerk reached for his books and began to go through with the monthly formula. But, "Please," she said, "I don't think I need the money any more, sir. My circumstances have improved. I'm working, and I think the Government needs the money more than I do."

The town is ugly and dirty. It has given the Army a little legion of youths most of whose names are the name of many a company clerk's existence, and have nearly prostrated with lockjaw many a top sergeant calling the roll.

But it is a bit of America.

TRUE TO FORM

In 1905 the Kaiser awarded to Mr. Wilson-Marshall of New York, winner of the ocean yacht race in that year, an alleged gold cup which he declared to be worth \$5,000. Recently Mr. Wilson-Marshall decided to auction off the cup for the benefit of the Red Cross. It brought in \$125,000, and the successful bidder had it sent off to a dealer's to be cleaned up and put in shape.

The dealer assayed and tested it, and then reported that, instead of being of gold, the cup was made of German pewter; and that, far from being worth the \$5,000 the Kaiser claimed for it, it was only worth \$35. There is really no need for comment on the occurrence. It is merely put into the record here to show that, even in the matter of yacht race prizes as far back as 1905, the Kaiser was practicing for the day when he expected to sell the whole world the gold brick of Kultur.

In other words, Wilhelm was merely running true to form.

The Army's Poets

SONG OF THE CENSOR MAN

Oh, I am the man with a mightier pen
Than the chisel the lawgiver knew;
The snip of my shears is more dreaded of men
Than the sword that Napoleon drew.
I foil the young man with a nose for the news,
And I stifle the first feeble note
Of the soldier who ventures to air any views
That he never was paid to promote.

Oh, it's snip, snip, snip is the rhythmic swing
Of my shears in the morning light.
And clip, clip, clip is the raucous ring
Of their voice in the stately night.
I may strike from the calendar all of its dates,
And I rob every town of its name,
And rarely a letter but sadly relates
The tale of my terrible fame.

Oh, I know all the secrets that ever were told,
Till every unfortunate prays
That the book of omnipotent knowledge I hold
May be sealed to the end of my days.
On each written syllable, proudly I state,
I pronounce benediction or ban.
For I'm the personification of Fate—
The redoubtable Censor man!

JOHN FLETCHER HALL,
Sgt., Acting Chaplain, Inf.

BEEFING

It seems I'm never satisfied
No matter where I go.
My job is easy, my duties light,
I still find grief and woe.
If I'm stationed in a training camp
Where drills are very light,
I holler to be sent up front
To get into the fight.

When we were in the U.S.A.,
I thought we had no chance.
And I wasn't really satisfied
Till on my way to France.
We've been here now about six months,
And if I had kept track,
I'll bet I've said a thousand times,
"I wish I was back."

And when I was a corporal
I belly-ached around
And thought a better sergeant
Than I'd make could not be found.
I've had three stripes for eight long months,
And still I curse my luck,
And threaten that I'll tear 'em off
And go back to a buck.

When they try to please me
And dish out first class chow,
And there's sugar in the coffee,
I'll holler anyhow.
And if I was sent to Heaven
And up there was doing well,
I wouldn't, yet, be satisfied
Till I'd got a look at hell!

SGT. H. H. HUSS, Inf.

THE MEN OF THE WEST

From the great West, where, with a do and dare,
Their father went, they come;
From great cities fair, and the forests where
The great fir grows, they come.
From the Puget Sound, and the hills around
The Gold Gate, they come.
From the shop and store, and the college floor
And the jungle camps, they come;
From the myriad mines, where the mucker finds

The wealth of the world, they come;
From the burning sands of the arid lands
And the sage brush plains, they come;
From the desert where the coyote wails
To the midnight moon, they come.
From the golden West with a hearty zest
For the fighting fierce, they come.
With a purpose bold and a faith untold
In their fighting strength, they come;
In a righteous cause, for freedom and laws
Of human right, they come.

With a courage bold as their mountain air
And rivers free, they come;
And the foe shall know wherever they go
That the men of the West have come.
GEORGE L. CHAMPIE,
Troop, M.P.

THE TANK

Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear;
She ain't no pomp of beauty, that's a cinch—
She howls like Holy Jumper when a feller shifts
But she's a lovely dumpy in a pinch.
Just head her straight for Berlin and no matter what the road,
Or what the tanks, just trenches, trees and mud,
And I'll guarantee she'll get there with her precious human load.

And her tread a-drippin' red with German blood.
Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a pippin, she's a daisy, she's a dream!

Where the star-shells are a-lightnin' up the thickest of the fightin',
She'll be sailin' like a demon through the gleam.

If the way is rough and stony and the vantage point is far,
Just slip her into high and hang on tight,
Shove your foot into the throttle and to hell with all the jar—
She'll take you clean from here to out of sight.

Courtesy you've got to clean and scrub her same as any piece of tin.
That's worth the smoke to blow her up the tube.
But just whisper to her gently, pat her back and yell "Giddap!"

And there ain't a thing she wouldn't do for you.
Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's a Lulu, she's a cuckoo! She's the goods!

When the Hochees see you comin', they will set the air to tremblin'—
A wavin' of their legs to reach the woods.

When the last great rush is over and the last grim trench is past,
She will roll in high right through old Berlin town.

Her grim old sides a-shakin' and her innerds raisin' hob,
Intent on runnin' Kaiser Wilhelm down,
Then she'll find him and we'll bind him to her grindin' treadin',

And we'll start her rollin' on the road to Hell—
Shove her into high and leave her, tie her bloomin' throttle!

We'll say she's lived her life and lived it well.
Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
She's devil! She's a dandy! She's sublime!

When her grimy hide goes hurlin' through the dirty streets of Berlin
Watch the goose step change to Yankee double time of sow.

SGT. RICHARD C. COLBURN, Tank Corps.

TOUJOURS LE MEME

No matter how wise or how foolish
The company's cook may be.
When down at the table we're seated,
Two things we all plainly can see;
When we look at the chow,
There's the bosom of sow.

And beans—beans—beans.
If quartered in city or country,
The cook never misses his aim;
If messing in swamp or on mountain,
Two things will remain quite the same;
Though it may cause a row,
We've got the bosom of sow.

And beans—beans—beans.
When tasks for the day are all ended,
And weary are body and brain,
Small matter it makes if we're eating indoors, or outside in the rain.
The cook makes his bow
With bosom of sow.

And beans—beans—beans.
Of all that I've learned in the Army,
This fact I am sure I know well—
And others are certain to tell you—
The soldier's worst picture of Hell
Is twice as bad as the real.

With the bosom of sow,
And beans—beans—beans.
CORP. VANCE C. CRISS, Engrs.

A CHAPLAIN'S PRAYER

O Lord, I am not worthy to
Be found amid these reddened hands
Who offer as a sacrifice their sod,
Themselves, to Thee, great martyr bands.
Let me but kiss the ground they tread,
And breathe the air that blows above their sod,
And gather up the drops they shed,
These heroes in the cause of God.
THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

THE PRIVATE



THE ONCE OVER

Beauty isn't everything, even when you're soldiering. And a lot of strange equipment will get by at inspection if you have an excuse—always providing the excuse is good enough. In the case of the Engineers, Ry., the excuse happened to be good enough—and they certainly had a lot to make excuses for.

The Engineers have been over here since almost last summer. They have transported much ammunition to the front and established a record for running trains close to the line. Although nominally "non-combatant troops," they have, in more than one emergency, taken guns and given Fritz a little entertainment. It was after such an occasion that an American major-general inspected one battalion of the regiment.

The Engineers had been attached, at different times, to both the French and the British and during these periods of service had replenished from the Q.M.'s of these armies the American wardrobe and outfit they started with. This had been augmented with articles gathered promiscuously, and without apparent favoritism, from French colonial troops, Portuguese and Chinese.

When they lined up for the inspection, some had American sombreros or steel helmets, and others wore French and English headgear of various types. There were men with leather puttees, men with spirals, men with canvas leggings and men with no leggings. One corporal sported a pair of rubber boots. They were just as variegated as to breeches and blouses and even arms. One man's total equipment consisted of a mackinaw donated by a Moroccan.

The general alighted from his automobile for the inspection and, after one glance at the troops, restrained, with obvious difficulty, some kind of strange emotion. He gathered himself, however, and made his tour of the ranks, pausing just once before a tall private dressed in contributions of four armies, with a French rifle, minus a breech bolt, held at port.

"Can't shoot Germans with that," said the major-general.

"No, sir," agreed the private, "but you can harpoon 'em."

After the inspection the major-general made a little speech. It was about as follows:

"I want to compliment you men on what you have done. From all I hear, you have been doing wonderful work, work beyond mere verbal praise. But I want to say that there hasn't been a stranger looking battalion of soldiers since Villa's Bandits."

Since then the Engineers, Ry., have been known as Villa's Bandits.

CHEVRONS AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I am writing for definite information in regard to gold service chevrons. I have read in your estimable newspaper that the stripe is for all who have served six months overseas.

The members of this hospital unit known to the British E.F. as No. 16 (Phila. U.S.A.) General Hospital, and to the American E.F. as Base Hospital No. 10, U.S.A., enlisted May 7, 1917, sailed May 19, and began very active service in France, June 11, 1917. About May 1st, this year, we began to feel as if two (count 'em) little goldstripes would look mighty nice decorating our left sleeve, and so the more impatient in our midst, all good readers of and payers for THE STARS AND STRIPES, decided to hoist the same and thus show some of our boys, just arriving, that they were not coming into a land populated by Total Strangers.

As we are still members in good standing of the Medical Reserve Corps, U.S.A., that is, those of us who are enlisted and came over with the original unit over a year ago, we feel entitled to the privilege of all insignia which indicates membership in the American Army. Thus endeth the first chapter, with everybody happy.

Now, there arose in our midst a certain somewhat newly-arrived member who was entitled to only one of the coveted stripes, and who was also one of those chaps who loves to put flies in the soup for no other reason than that he loves to do just that. This red-tape enthusiast advertised that as we had received no order from G.O.F., telling us to put up the stripes, we had no business wearing them. Running true to his nature, he brayed loud enough and long enough until, finally, the powers that be took notice and issued the command, "Off with the stripes."

In vain we quoted *Jeuneuse* paragraphs from your newspaper; in vain we called attention to the fact that several of our very best officers were wearing 'em; but as we had no copy of any official order or any number of any official order to quote the noise of a fool has prevailed in the market place and our glory is as the glory of Carthage (see "Hannibal," Encyc. Brit. Vol. 7, Page 7)—and!

THE HUNT FOR THE FRONT

A JOURNEY DIRECTED BY NOBODY IN PARTICULAR

ONCE upon a time there was a man. He might have been a civilian or he might have been a soldier; I don't know and it doesn't matter. Anyway, he lauded at a base port in France; he might have come on a transport or he might have come in a banana boat or a box car or a dory; I don't know and it doesn't matter. And the name of the base port might have been Stockholm or Vladivostok or South Bend.

All of that is beside the point and might as well not have been written, but somebody would begin to ask foolish questions if this story began as it should, which is as follows:

Once upon a time there was a man who landed at a base port in France.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" echoed the Engineer sergeant—you can't get off at a base port without bumping into an Engineer sergeant, can you?

"The front? Say, you don't suppose we keep it in a box here in town, do you? Go on along up the line and ask."

So the man went on along up the line.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

"The front?" repeated the sergeant in the Q.M.C.—the wasn't a Q.M. sergeant, note; just a sergeant in the Q.M.C.—"the front? We're just out of fronts. Guess you'll have to get along with the one you got. Hold on—maybe they could give you one in Paris."

So the man went on to Paris.

He stayed two nights and a day, and there was an air raid each night, or at least an attempt to hold one, and there were stray shots from *la grosse Bertha* during the day.

"So this is the front?" he remarked, inquiringly.

"Who said it was?" countered the M.P.

"You get your travel orders O.K'd and stamped and I'll start you toward the front."

So the man got his travel orders O.K'd.

He took a train as far as trains could go and then he walked. He walked many dusty miles.

At last, he came to a division headquarters.

"Where's the front?" he asked.

A busy colonel, who was running his fingers over a map as though he were tuning it, jerked his head up toward the northeast.

The man walked many more dusty miles and came to regimental headquarters. On the way somebody shelled him and spoiled a couple of aspirin beds and ripped seven leaves from an apple tree.

"Ah," said the man to himself, "the front at last!"

"How do you like it here at the front?" he asked.

Now, will you kindly come to our assistance and tell us the number and date of the order which authorizes the wearing of these stripes and state just how they should be worn (men's, women's, etc.), and just who is entitled to wear them? Or, best of all, if you could send me a copy of the above-mentioned order I could then lead forth a certain ass to his proper pasture, teach him to know it and stay there in the future and all would be lovely.

ONE OF THE "FIRST-OVERS."

[The gold service chevron was originally authorized in General Order No. 26, Paragraph 1 (c), G.H.Q., A.E.F., as follows: "A gold chevron of standard material and design to be worn . . . by each officer and enlisted man who has served six months in the Zone of the Advance in the war, and an additional chevron for each six months of similar service thereafter." This order was amended to authorize the chevron for every member of the A.E.F. who has served six months in France or England, he it in base port or front line trench, or anywhere between, in General Order No. 23, G.H.Q., A.E.F., Section III, which quoted the following extract from a War Department cablegram just received: "General Orders No. 6, current series, War Department, has been amended to prescribe gold chevrons for each six months' service in the theater of operations." After quoting the cablegram, it continued: "For the purpose of computation of time for the chevron, service will count from the day the officer or soldier embarks from the United States port for any port in Europe. So much of Section IV, G.O. No. 23, c.s., these headquarters, as is in conflict with this order is revoked." The order referred to defined the meaning of the term "Zone of the Advance" and added: "Service to count in the wearing of the war service chevron must be service as an officer or enlisted man in the American Expeditionary Forces." The officers and men of the Base Hospital No. 10 are members of the American Expeditionary Forces; the fact that they are serving with the British does not alter the fact. They embarked for Europe May 19, 1917. They are entitled to two service chevrons—every man-jack of them.—Enrros.]

"Like it?" repeated the doughboy. "I don't know; I ain't been there since Tuesday. You might go on up the line and ask the Second Battalion. They're in the line finding out whether they like it or not."

It was dark when he reached the Second Battalion headquarters.

"Do you find this a very fronty front?" he asked.

"If you're one of those goopers who are looking for the war," said the major, "you'll have to go on up the line. Our liaison with the Boche is very poor just now, so I can't order a special shelling for your benefit. Glad to have seen you."

"What part of the front is this?" the man asked at company headquarters.

"This is the front part of the back," said the captain. "If you go on up the line a bit, you'll run square into the back part of the front. You can't miss it."

The man stumbled over a couple of hundred shell holes and finally got lost in a communitating trench.

"Where's the army?" he asked a sentry.

"Guess they're up at the front," said the sentry. "First turn to the right, then left, then right again, about face and straight ahead. Be careful and don't right oblique at that last turn

AMERICAN FRANCE

1—Chateau-Thierry

Written down by the soldiers of the A.E.F., one by one, there are appearing for the first time in the pages of American history, the names of old French towns. They are towns rich and scarred with the half-forgotten wounds of a hundred wars. There are names that French children have known for centuries and which now your children and your children's children will read in the school books of America.

Such a name is Chateau-Thierry. It was there that the German armies in the great thrust for Paris, they began on May 27 first met the resistance of Yankee troops.

Chateau-Thierry is a little town on a hill. Past its foot flow the slow, untroubled waters of the Marne. From the gray stone, red tiled outskirts on the other side of the river, you cross a three-arched bridge of stone to mount by winding paths to where the ancient church lifts its sixteenth century bell tower to the heavens. House by house and through the centuries around a squat, deep-dugoned chateau. Of this chateau only two vine-hung gates and the fragments of a thick-set wall are left to tell the story of many a bitter siege.

Built by Charles Martel

The chateau was built in 720 by Charles Martel, the great Hammer of the Franks and grandfather of the still greater Charlemagne—the same Charles Martel who saved Europe for Christianity when in 732 he met and vanquished the unbattered hosts of the all conquering Saracens in the battle of Poitiers. Little remains of the castle itself, but you can still see the base of the tower where one of his feeble successors, Charles the Simple, was held a prisoner.

Then, in the early days of June, 1918, men once more fought hand to hand in the narrow streets of Chateau-Thierry and the thunder of the guns stirred ancient echoes in the crumbling ruins of the castle, history was but repeating itself. The river valleys, converging upon the plain of Paris, and finding there a barrier, hills have ever served as a goal. That is why around Chateau-Thierry, reared like a stubborn bastion on the rim of that basin, the soldiers of many a forgotten cause have fought and died. It has always blocked the path to Paris.

Now held as a watchtower by the dukes of France, now as an outpost by the counts of Champagne, the castle changed hands again and again through the early centuries.

English archers took and held it in 1421, toward the close of the Hundred Years War between England and France, the inextinguishable war which finally brought Joan of Arc up out of the fields of Lorraine to lead the armies of the King and which, at the end, lost to the English crown all its rich French jewels save only Calais.

Germans Had It of Old

In the first half of the sixteenth century while adventurers on the other of the Atlantic were exploring with fear and wonder the mysteries of the wilderness known as America, the old world shook with the trampling armies of Francis I, King of France, and his enemy, the mighty Charles V, Emperor of Germany, who had made a pact with England for his undoing.

Then—and not for the last time—the dwellers along the Marne saw an army of Germany march upon Paris. For leading his troops through Champagne, Charles pressed his invasion to within 21 leagues of the capital and in that invasion the Germans took Chateau-Thierry.

A half century later, the Spaniards sacked it in the course of the terrible Wars of Religion, when Catholics and Huguenots fought such bitter battles for the control of France that, in the course of 30 years, a million Frenchmen perished. Spanish troops entered France as allies of the Catholics. Those were the days when a Spanish garrison held Paris, nor, for all his sieges, could the Protestant chateau, Henry of Navarre, enter its gates till he had marched through crowds of joyous people to the church of Saint-Denis and there, in the presence of the popes, asked to be received "into the pale of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

Greatest Battle in 1814

It was in 1814 that the Spaniards fell upon Chateau-Thierry, but its greatest battle was fought in that desperate February of 1814 when England, Prussia, the German States, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Sweden and Austria—a crushing alliance—joined hands against Napoleon. From the south and the east they invaded France and hemmed in on all sides, the little Emperor was forced for the first time in his life to fight on the defensive.

Fighting with only 20,000 young and untired conscripts, he fell upon and smashed at Chateau-Thierry an army of 50,000 Russians and Prussians. It was a final flash of the old success, a shining victory in the midst of a disastrous campaign, for on the last day of March Napoleon's enemies entered Paris, and before many weeks had passed, he had been exiled to Elba.

Chateau-Thierry was taken and retaken in 1814. Just a hundred years later, its walls looked down upon the retreat of the enemy before the victors of the Marne.

Visiting there in the spring of this year, you would have found Chateau-Thierry a town set in a fair and peaceful countryside, proud of its sleep-crowded pastures and rich in its vines and cherry trees—a little town of 7,000 people, no larger than Rochester, Minn., or Red Bank, N.J.

And this town is a shrine for French pilgrims, not because of the battles fought in its streets, but because it was the home of the master of fables, La Fontaine. Very much as it was in the seventeenth century, you can see today the house with its outside staircase and its moss-grown well where this most beloved of French poets was born.

La Fontaine of all ranks and ages love their poet of Chateau-Thierry. When, in the early stages of the Revolution, the infuriated mob in Paris gave themselves over to the September massacres of bloody memory, and thousands of prisoners were butchered, one woman was spared for no other reason than because she was the granddaughter of La Fontaine. French children, in his name, the nurse and know them by heart; their fathers and mothers find

ANGELS—JUST FROM AMERICA



SPRING DAYS UP AT THE FRONT

"Say," said an infantryman. "Do you want to hear about the worst piece of out-of-luck that ever happened in the A.E.F.? A pal of mine went into the fight with 2,000 francs in his pocket—you know."

"Now he's reported missing."

An ancient French school house, deserted in the fight of the villagers, was taken over by the Americans as part of the headquarters of a field ambulance. The interrupted lesson could be read upon the bulletin board by the Yankee wounded carried through and a Daudet among them could have woven a masterpiece from it. The moral that the teacher was inculcating when he held his "devoirs class" was this:

"The free man obeys his conscience and the laws of his country."

And the phrase set before the pupils for their composition exercise that day—the date was written on the board, 29 May, 1918—was:

"Un jour de grand vent."

"The day of the big wind."

Don't carry anything in your gas mask bag that doesn't belong there. That isn't a general order, but the fruit of at least one man's experience.

He had gone over the top on a patrol. Somebody snatched gas; on went the masks. He bit into it, clamped his nose on tight, and started to breathe. That is, he tried to. For several agonizing minutes he struggled to get wind through it. And then he found it was a false alarm.

Thanking his stars that it hadn't been a real attack to be endured with a safety appliance that was as dangerous as the German pizen itself, he went to his lieutenant at the first opportunity and told him that the thing didn't work.

The lieutenant looked at it. "What's this?" he asked. "I've the gas at the base of the respirator he drew a post card that had stuck there."

"Now try it," he said.

It worked. That man isn't using his mask bag as a mail pouch any more.

The top sergeant of a field hospital was tenderly straightening out the papers—clippings, letters, photographs—that had been found in the pockets of a Marine from Philadelphia who had died from his wounds on his way to an evacuation hospital. "I see he got his man first," said the top, and showed among the papers there a mummy two-mark note.

"Major, or—I mean Colonel—no, pardon me, Major—"

You really can't tell the difference after the major or the lieutenant colonel has been hiking a few kilometers along the dusty roads away up beyond the sparkling car zone. The gold leaves and the silver leaves lose all their glint and glimmer beneath a coat of gray-brown dust. So it is perfectly permissible to make mistakes.

USELESS QUESTIONS

For the sake of efficiency in the Army, it is suggested that hereafter all useless questions shall be mentioned only by number.

It is estimated that this will save enough force expended in unnecessary movements of the vocal cords each day to dig 183 miles of trench six feet deep, or transport 363 doughboys a month from New York to Liverpool.

Thus, one doughboy simply says to another, "No. 3." The proper answer being in each case, "I don't know." The more important useless questions in the A.E.F. follow:

(1) Say, what day is this, anyway?

(2) When are we going to get another mail?

(3) How many troops do you suppose we've got in France?

(4) Have you heard when we are going to get paid?

(5) What the devil is the matter with them cooks?

(6) Why do you suppose designed that monkey hat?

(7) Seen anybody with my Saturday Evening Post?

(8) How much do you owe the Government?

(9) Do you know when we're going up the line?

(10) How much longer do you think this thing'll last?

Others will be published from time to time as occasion requires.

WHY TAKE A REGIMENT?

Buck No. 1: The regiment 's goin' to attack at dawn and get those woods east of the village.

Buck No. 2: What they goin' to take the whole regiment for? Why not just send a wood detail?

OLD AND NEW STYLE—NO. 1

In camp buck home: Sir, I have the First Sergeant's permission to speak to the Captain.

In billets over here: Sir, the Top told me I could speak to you about this here.

In the trenches: Say, Captain—

summed up in them all their philosophy of life.

It was at Chateau-Thierry that La Fontaine was Master of the Waters and the Forests. It was there he made friends with the wandering dog, the toiling ant, the mountain hare—all the animals of the countryside who move in his fables. It was there he wrote "The Wolves and the Eve," of which the moral is the motto of his people in this year of trial:

"We can conclude from this that one must war continually with the wicked. Peace is all very well in itself, I admit, but of what use is it with enemies who are faithless?"

If you are wise, you will say Colonel. If it is a lieutenant colonel, you're right, and if it's a major, it makes him feel good.

A batch of German prisoners was being marched along the road under command of a sergeant. They swung past a little audience of Yanks.

"Hello boys!" called one gleeful captive in regular English. And pointing to the line he added just as gleefully: "It's hell up there!"

A lean young infantryman hurried across France with his regiment, was dung into a fight near Chateau-Thierry with scanty sleep and short rations, went over a crest with the first wave of assault, emerged from a mix-up with a German bayonet none the worse except for a tear in the seat of his breeches, escaped by a miracle every blast in the murderous cross fire of German machine guns and finally came out one of the few unscratched ones in his platoon.

He dropped on the ground, doubly thankful for the promise of a few moments rest. He dropped on the ground, but he bounded up again in all the agony of his first wound. His face had landed in a bunch of nettles.

A Marine confided to the surgeon who was dressing his wound that his company had, at one point, swarmed up to the German artillery and taken the guns. "Were you able to bring them back?" the doctor wanted to know.

"Bringing them back? Well, we're camping there."

Up at the front you hear *vin rouge* called by the nickname by which every *poilu* knows it. The word *pinard* is now the best Americanese.

Two Marines on the outskirts of Chateau-Thierry made a dash at a German machine gun that was coming into play on their trench. The first, a private, grabbed the mouth of the gun with his hand and shoved it up in the air. It almost blew his hand to bits but the thing he remembers best was the way his pal, the corporal, laughed as he jabbed his bayonet through the four Germans who were behind that gun.

When one division moved up to a new headquarters it took along with it a sergeant in the Q.M.G. who believed in being as comfortable as the exigencies of war will permit. He was one of those "sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights," and straightway he began to look around for a bed. In a barn he found the village hearse, which by some accident had not been evacuated. And there he lies nightly.

Somebody else liked the idea and tried to bunk on the roof. But the hearse wouldn't stand it. It threatened to collapse all over the sergeant, and after a council of war it was decided that the hearse had been constructed on a one man basis and ought to stay that way.

"It's very comfortable," the sergeant explains. "And if they ever shell the barn, here I am, all ready for 'em."

A.E.F. SMILES

As lonesome as a guardhouse without a rat.

As cheerful as a wounded captain going home to "instruct."

As futile as the major's attempts to speak French.

As ignorant as a war news editor buck home.

As noisy as a barracks on payday night.

DRUG STORE
REQUISITES FROM
ROBERTS & CO.
AMERICAN DRUGGISTS.
PARIS, 5, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS
ARMY, HOSPITALS, SANITARY FORMATIONS & CANTEENS
SUPPLIED IN SPECIAL WHOLESALE RATES
ESTABLISHED 1880

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL
Chicago Exhibition
1893

Military Jewelry

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. have the most comprehensive selection of Military Badge Jewelry. The Company will be pleased to submit designs for any American Army or Naval Badge required; or to send photographs or selections for approval.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere in London or abroad—only one address, 112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. Ltd. 1731
112 Regent St., London, W.1.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

O.P.—Yes, you stand at attention and say "Sir" to a British regimental sergeant-major, but you do not salute him when passing on the street or road. (Note: This is the straight dope and not the usual kind of bull that gets into this column.—ED.)

T.P.—The seat on the Top's right is undoubtedly the seat of honor for your guest, but also the seat of danger; that is, unless the Top is a southerner.

G.L.M.—When borrowing someone else's putts for guard mount, be sure of course, to return them rolled in the original order, and not hindside to. If you fail to take them back in shape, your friend may be out of luck himself the next time he tries to make orderly.

H.P.—No, you are not required to salute German officers when you meet them up front unexpectedly. You are, however, expected to invite them over into our lines at once, and to see that they are made thoroughly at home in the cage provided for them. Also, you should keep them well covered, so they won't catch cold.

T.H.—No, it would not get you anywhere to give a lawn party in honor of your division commander. In the first place, he would probably be too busy to come himself, and would send some mere snip of a captain from his staff to represent him.

G.Q.—Yes, celluloid cuffs are distinctly out of place with the O.D. shirt. Besides, they have to be cleaned with spit, and when you're on a hike you're so dry you can't spit. If you have a pair, it is better to stand them up and shoot at them, rather than to shoot them in the more conventional way.

O.A.S.—Yes, it is quite a problem, this bracing of guys without service stripes and finding out how long they have been over here. One must be, above all, tactful. For example, never inquire: "When did you get over here—last winter?" But in this way: "Say, guy, do you remember when we used to get packages from home?" In that way, you will make the poor bird feel like a real old-timer.

T.E.—No, never lend your gas mask to your captain. If he forgets to bring one up, he's S.O.L., and etiquette doesn't require that you smother an account of his thoughtlessness. Besides, hasn't he always told you that you are the backbone of the Army? Save the backbone!

G.—If your shoes are so muddy that you can't make 'em click when you come out, just go through the clicking motions and look surprised when you don't hear the sound. It always works.

"YES, THERE IS REST"

A Few New Verses
Air: "Yes, There Is Rest!"
Of all the animals alive
I'd rather be the bear;
He gets a full meal once a year,
And never cuts his hair—(I tell you).

Chorus: Yes, there is rest, yes, there is rest:
In the Infanterie—
In the Infanterie—YOU SAID IT!
Yes, there is rest,
Yes, there is rest,
In the Infanterie—there is rest,
SWEET REST!

Of all the fish that swim the lakes
I'd rather be the pike;
They have no bathing problem and
They drink whenever they like—(I tell you).

Of all the barnyard fowls I know,
The rooster is the best;
He blows his own sweet reveille,
Then goes back to his nest—(I tell you).

The General has his motor car,
The Colonel has his horse;
Whenever they see doughboys hike,
It fills them with remorse (?)—(I tell you).

The First Foot wears his silver burs,
The Second Foot's are gold;
But when the Skipper comes around,
They do just as they're told—(I tell you).

The Sergeant can report you for
A gun all caked with rust;
But if his own gun's dirty, why,
The Sergeant will be bust—(I tell you).

SIZING HIM UP

The "dis-ornamenting" of non-coms by removing the chevrons from the left arm has been accomplished with no serious complications, but not without causing some slight consternation in certain quarters.

On one occasion an old time Army sergeant who had finally arrived here after languishing in the States all winter and spring was seen intently observing a sergeant recently bereft of half his stripes. Finally, he approached the latter.

"Say," he demanded, "what the devil kind of a soldier are you? You're a non-com on one side and a buck private on the other, but by the looks of the cap you've got on, I should say you're some kind of a sailor."

By Appointment to H.M. King George

RT. JACKSON & CO.
171 & 172 Piccadilly, LONDON, W.1.

AMERICAN FANCY GROCERIES
War Catalogue on Application
INDIVIDUAL PARCELS
from \$3 to \$5.

for Officers, Troops, or Prisoners of War.
Canned Dessert Fruit Cakes.
Secret Pickles. Fruits. Preserved Ginger.
Spiced Pickles. Fruit Cakes.
Franko-American Skinkless Figs.
Maple Syrup. Soups. Cherries in
Shad's Roe. Maraschino.
Sardines. Cherries in Crème.
Clam Chowder. Lime Juice.
Baked Beans in. Lemon Squash.
Tomato Sauce. Cocktails.
Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce. Grape Juice
and Cheese.

OFFICER'S MESS BOXES
from \$12 to \$24.

Purveyors to the American Embassy,
American Red Cross Hospital, American
Y.M.C.A. & the American Officers' Club.
Write or Phone for Catalogue: Regent 1033 (3 lines).

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. have the most comprehensive selection of Military Badge Jewelry. The Company will be pleased to submit designs for any American Army or Naval Badge required; or to send photographs or selections for approval.

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL
Chicago Exhibition
1893

Military Jewelry

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Co. have the most comprehensive selection of Military Badge Jewelry. The Company will be pleased to submit designs for any American Army or Naval Badge required; or to send photographs or selections for approval.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford Street, or elsewhere in London or abroad—only one address, 112 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS
COMPANY LTD.
with which is incorporated
The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd. Ltd. 1731
112 Regent St., London, W.1.

ASK FOR THEM!
MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCES)
MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE
by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCES)
ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y.M.C.A. CANTEENS
L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTREE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS 8

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS
6, Rue Castiglione, (Opp. Hotel Continental) PARIS. A. SULK & CO. 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK.
Mail orders executed.

The Naval Officer and the "Little Grey Books"

JUST prior to the War a brilliant young naval officer had a bad breakdown; a breakdown so complete that it looked as though his career were at an end. He was ordered an entire and prolonged rest—not only from professional duty, but from every form of work. But when his career was at an end, he was a clever expert—were promptly needed.

He reported. Despite his anxiety to serve, however, he found that he was utterly incapable of performing his duties. He was keen to give that service which he knew was in him, but neither his professional pride nor his patriotic ardor enabled him to overcome his handicap.

He wrote to the Pelman Institute and became a student of "the little grey books." Within a few months he had so distinguished himself by ability and zeal that he was promoted to an important command over the heads of senior officers. He generally gives the credit to Pelmanism.

This officer's experience is remarkable, but by no means unique in the Pelman Institute. Letters are constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from Army and Navy officers, business and professional men and women, telling of extraordinary advances directly resulting from a few weeks' study of "the little grey books" in which the simple principles of Pelmanism are so interestingly expounded.

Equally remarkable are the tributes from soldiers and sailors:

GENERAL:—I take the Pelman Course very seriously, as all soldiers who have made their profession a serious study must do. I am very deeply interested in the Course, and have been so from the very commencement. . . . There is no doubt I have been constantly helped by it. . . . I may add that I have felt the Course to be so good that I have induced several officers of the Brigade to take it up.

FLYING CORPS OFFICER:—It has been of use to me in increasing my efficiency in the particular work we carry on as officers in the R.F.C. It has also enabled me to partially or wholly forget minor ailments and worries, especially those of a nervous nature known as "wind up."

DET. COLONEL:—Very many thanks for the special Military Exercises. As a direct consequence of Lesson 2 I have been able to accept a Staff appointment, temporary, is certainly one in the right direction.

APTAIN:—My memory is immensely improved—so much so that I have just been able to accept a Staff appointment, which I could not have done before taking the Pelman Course.

So popular is the Pelman System in the Army that often officers and men seek from the front on a few days' leave a course straight from the brain to the Pelman Institute to enroll for the Course on the recommendation of a brother-in-arms, or to bring a message from a fellow Pelman student in the trenches.

Is "Pelmanism" Worth While?

Let any man of common-sense reflect upon the fact that nearly one hundred Admirals and Generals, as well as considerably over 25,000 other officers, men, or women who have expressed satisfaction with the result of his or her dealings with the Pelman Institute.

"Mind and Memory" (in which the Pelman Course is fully described, with a synopsis of the lessons) will be sent gratis and post free, together with a full report of the Pelman Institute, and a form enabling readers of STARS AND STRIPES to the complete Pelman Course at one-third less than the usual fee, on application to the Pelman Institute, Fulham House, Brompton Street, London, W.

UNDER THE "DW" TENT-SHELTER YOU DEFY RAIN WIND MUD SNOW
DICKSON, WALRAVE & CO
Rue de la Chapelle, 49 à Paris

Along the road of Yesterday
June blossoms, orange-scented, fall;
The heart of Madeline was gay,
And all the world was well.

YANKS NIP HUN RALLY IN BELLEAU WOODS

Adown the lane we call Today
Came Madeline, with lowered head,
And, bending close, we heard her say:
"My orange blossoms—all are red."

CHAMPION WHITE SOX AGAIN HIT BY WAR

Three More Players Making
Ten in All, Enter
Country's Service

MCGRAW BUYS TWO SUPERS

Camp Dix Soldiers Beat Pennsylv.
2 to 1, in Fast 12 Inning
Battle

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—The Champion White Sox have been hit by the war, three more players being lost by Charles Comiskey's team during the past week, making ten in all who have either been killed or are in the fighting forces of the war.

Infielder Patrick Hargrove joined the Army during the week, while Pitcher Claude Williams, one of the standbys in the box, and Catcher Byrd Lynn, under study for Ray Schalk, turned shipbuilders.

Cleveland strengthened its infield by purchasing First Baseman Wheeler Johnston of the Milwaukee club of the American association, where he has been playing left field and hitting the pili like a fend. Several players and a cash consideration figured in the deal.

Manager McGraw of the Giants is providing against emergencies, and has purchased Infielder Sicking and Pitcher Rose from the San Antonio club of the Texas league.

Camp Dix soldiers won over the University of Pennsylvania nine in a sensational 12 inning game, 2 to 1.

RESPIRATOR NINES FAIL TO KEEP SCORE

Major Pitches and Two
Umpires Brave Vin
Rouge Bottles

Undaunted by the account of a baseball game published in a recent edition of the A.E.F. weekly describing a novel nine innings in which the players wore respirators, the officers and the enlisted men of Camp Hospital No. 13 recently played the opener of a schedule which calls for respirators every playing minute of the season. This requirement will be rather a neat way of sidestepping the recent G.O. which calls for at least two hours' exercise a month with respirators.

To guard against injury, a regulation indoor baseball was used, and the rules were made as the game progressed, the officers favoring the sandlot rules and the enlisted men banking on whatever they remembered about baseball.

The score is not necessary. Indeed, it was not kept, owing to a scarcity of adding machines in those diggings. The features of the game included some fancy base running on the part of Captain R. H. E. and a former semi-pro star of Brooklyn. The adjutant of the hospital, Major G., pitched for his side in a manner worthy of Smoky Al Woods in his palmist days.

Two umpires were used up, the international audience at the sidelines using the ropes and benches in a graceful and efficient manner. The only drawback was a scarcity of brave men to umpire.

Hospital Men Hit Hard
A game played between Hospital No. 23 and Hospital No. 22 was featured by the hard hitting and fast base running of the boys from Hospital 23 and costly errors on both sides. McAndrews, behind the bat for Hospital 22, showed up well at the bat and caught his usual heady game. The score:

Hospital 23	R. H. E.
Hospital 22	10 14 2
Batteries:	23, Smith and Chick; Norris and McCoy; 22, Thompson and Erickson, McAndrews.

Would Play Paris Team
With nine straight victories to its credit, plus no defeats, the baseball nine of Base Hospital No. 17 (Harper Unit of Detroit) is bidding for a trip to Paris to play a short series. Lieut. LeRoy L. Belt, managing the boys, has partially completed plans to that end, and will promise, he says, to show the Paris league some real team work developed in Burgundy.

St. Louis Wins Again
St. Louis annihilated Cleveland two weeks ago, 11 to 0. Now the two teams have met again. This time Cleveland presented her straight lineup and again lost 6 to 1. Thomas had Cleveland eating out of his hand. In a game between the officers of the two units, St. Louis turned the tables on the Cleveland Sam Brownies, reversing the 10 to 2 score against them by an 18 to 4 win in seven innings.

Strikes Out 19 Men
A capacity crowd attended the game Sunday between the Engineers and the M.T.S. Unit teams, as the Engineers are the only team who have beaten the M.T.S. this year. Payne, formerly pitcher of the Chicago White Sox World Champions, had 19 strikeouts-out to his credit. The score:

M.T.S.	R. H. E.
Engs.	10 14 2
	2 6 2

Headquarters Men Victors
Company C, Headquarters Regiment, romped away with the Labor Company by a score of 18 to 3. The Headquarters men made their big kill on the fifth, when every man had one on their batting order came across the pan with a tally. Both sides fielded raggedly. The score:

Headquarters	R. H. E.
Company C	0 0 2 0 0 1 0 - 3 8 9
Engs.	2 4 0 0 0 0 2 - 16 17 6

CADETS SET RECORDS
[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, June 20.—The class of 1920 won the annual West Point inter-collegiate field meet by a big margin of points.

Gene Vidal, star football player, smashed two records, clearing the bar at 6 feet, 3/4 inch, the high jump, and throwing the discus 124 feet, 5 inches.

Shrader established a new record in the pole vault, clearing the rod at 17 feet, 6 inches.

JOHN TAKES BIG STAKES

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—Harry Payne Whitney's John, the 3-year-old son of Spearmint and Mineola, took the crown as the leading 3-year-old at Belmont Park, Long Island, by winning the famous Belmont stakes before an enormous crowd.

The stakes were run over an extremely difficult winding course of a mile and three-eighths, the time being 2:20 2/5. John won from War Cloud, the closest competitor, by a length and a half.

EX-YANK TWIRLER BEATED BY BULLET

Lefty Russell Temporarily
Out of Game on Lor-
raine Grounds

RAFTER DRIVES AMBULANCE

All-Star Nine Should Soon Be in
Making from A.E.F.
Material

All baseball fans remember Lefty Russell, who twirled for the New York Yankees several years ago. Well, Lefty is hors de combat just now, as a result of getting hit by a German bullet while taking part in an American attack in Lorraine recently. He was going over the top at the time.

With his head copiously bandaged, Lefty is confined to one of the Red Cross hospitals in the Paris area. He is able to be about, however, and is anxiously awaiting the time when he will be reported fit for another front line crack at the Hun.

Russell twirled with success for the Yankees three years ago, but a broken arm put him out of commission for several months. Two years ago he was transferred to the Newark team, where he played first base until he enlisted about eight months ago.

Another former Yankee player, Billy Rafter, who covered an outfield position two years ago, is over here doing his bit. Billy is driving an ambulance in the Toul sector and will have made interesting yarns to spill in the clubhouse when he gets back home.

Harry Courtney, with the Newark Peels for two seasons, is an ambulance and cannon driver for the Red Cross. When in Paris, he twirls for the Red Cross team.

Cranston, who acted as understudy for Stuffy McInnes with Connie Mack's club, is a member of an Engineer regiment company and is right up in the thick of the fray.

Soon an all-star nine will be in the making over here.

TY COBB VETERAN OF JOHNSON CIRCUIT

Holds Record in American
League with 14 Years
in Service

Ty Cobb, the oldest man in the American league? Yes, it is a fact. The famous Tyros, although only 31 years of age, is now the grand old man of Ban Johnson's circuit. He is the oldest man in point of active service since passing of the veteran Sam Crawford and the relegation of Terry Turner to the rank of utility man. This is Cobb's 14th year with the Detroit club.

It is quite an unusual stunt for a player of only 31 years to have been in the big leagues for so long a term. There may be long distance runners who have served as long in the major leagues, but no one has ever earned that distinction at Ty's age.

Terry Turner, Cleveland's blonde shortstop, joined the American league one year before Cobb. Terry ceased to be a regular last year.

Frank Schulte, former Cub star, played 14 years in the National league. He is being used as pinch hitter by Washington this season.

Bobby Wallace of the St. Louis Browns played in the American league longer than any other man—20 years—but not always as a regular. He is acting as coach for the club.

Ty Cobb went from Augusta to Detroit back in 1906, when not quite 19 years of age, and ever since he has been one of the big stars of the American league. In 1917 he stole over 50 bases and batted .358, and from this it can readily be seen that he is still good for a number of years yet. If Cobb can keep on at the game he has been traveling he will surely surpass the records made by Larry Lajoie and Hans Wagner.

Sherwood Magee is the real veteran of the big leagues, however, this being his 15th year as a regular. Pastork, in point of age, is one of the oldest players in active service, being 37.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Ross Young, the Giants' new outfielder, has made the prize find of the season, and the youngster is keeping up his sensational fielding and batting. Next in line of "finds" is Truck Hannah, catcher for the Yankees. Thorton, the Yanks' looks like the best twirling "find" of the year. McGaffigan, who succeeded Niekirk with the Phillies, is the best new find of the season.

Chief Markie, former New York Yank, was recently reported among the missing over here. He enlisted about eight months ago.

With two out in the ninth, Gabby Cravath recently spoiled a no-hit game for Del Conner of the Dodgers.

Hollocher, the new Cub infielder, procured from Portland, is living up to his reputation and is making good. Rube Bressler, shipyard twirler with the Reds, is another youngster making good.

Bert Daniels, former New York Yank, is managing the St. Joe club of the Western league.

Forest Cady, former Red Sox backstop, who now belongs to Connie Mack, is recovering from injuries sustained in an auto accident.

Jake Dumbert, the big Brooklyn first baseman, was 33 years old last month. Jake is swatting the pill over the .300 mark, as usual.

Fleider Jones, manager of the St. Louis Browns, has resigned. He says the job was too much for him. The team was just beginning to hit its stride when Jones quit.

BATS AND GLOVES BEING MADE HERE

Y.M.C.A. and K. of C. Place
Orders with French
Manufacturers

BASEBALL NOT A SUCCESS

Sample Blows Up Under a Heavy
Bombardment—But There's
Still Hope

France is making bats. The whole nation hasn't gone into the business, nor even all the wood turners, planning mill operators, weapon makers, but enough manufacturers are devoting themselves to the bat question to make things interesting. Already the Y.M.C.A. has placed an order for 1000 bats to be made in France and the K. of C. one for 3000.

Gloves are also being made, though perfection has not been reached in this branch of the sporting goods art. The Y.M.C.A. has just ordered 500 gloves and hopes for early deliveries. The K. of C. has placed an order for 100 sets of boxing gloves of French manufacture.

When it comes to baseballs, however, it is something else again. One K. of C. man, who was a baseball player, recently tried out a baseball of French manufacture. He hit in regular Polo Ground form, and whiff! where the baseball had been a white puff resembling a burst of shrapnel. That particular brand of baseball is no longer eligible for championship A.E.F. honors.

That bat question is so easy of solution as you might think. French ash is rather too heavy to make good wagon tongue material, and American central belt ash and English ash, which were apparently created for that purpose alone, are not obtainable, or at least do not grow in France.

Bats of heavy French ash, however, are far, far better than no bats at all.

ATHLETIC EVENTS ON 4TH PROGRAM

Day to Be Observed Where-
ever A.E.F. Is Found—
Colombes Meet Plans

The Fourth of July will be celebrated throughout the A.E.F. insofar as it is possible to stop—as it did with at least one Memorial Day program—with as many track and field meets and baseball games as the nature of the terrain will allow.

Up front it may be necessary to call off one or two events if the Boche gets sore and tries to break up the game because they won't let him play. But the day will be celebrated just as it is in the S.O.S. and in the base sections.

The promoters of the meet held at Colombes, near Paris, on Memorial Day will stage a similar event on the Fourth at the same place. The following program has been announced:

100-yard dash, shot put, grenade throwing, 440-yard dash, running broad jump, 220-yard dash, tug of war (ten men on a side), mile relay race (teams must represent detachments), special matches, arranged by central committee.

The bullseyes are set at three distances, 75 yards, 100 yards, and 125 yards, and points are counted according to the number of bullseyes hit. The targets are painted on the ground. The weight of the shot used is 16 ounces. Competition is on the team plan, each team comprising four men.

Babe Ruth, Red Sox twirler, in addition to being a star pitcher, also is some pumpkins when it comes to batting, especially the long distance variety. Only recently Ruth equaled the major league record for consecutive home runs, getting his third four bagger in a row off Walter Johnson. Three days in a row, Babe smashed out these circuit drives. Ruth got his first home off Allan Russell of the Yanks. The following game he claimed one of McGraw's benders for four sacks. Ray Caldwell, formerly with the Yanks, performed the same trick back in 1915. Jim Scott, Red Faber and Earl Hamilton were the twirlers he made his victims.

Bobby Walthour to race! That may surprise many of the oldtimers. No, it is not the veteran. Bobby, Jr., is following in the footsteps of his daddy, and participated in his last year's boys' race, at Newark recently. The youngster has been showing up well and promises to be one of the leaders in this game, just as his father was for many years past. Walthour, Sr., retired last year.

Camp Grant, at Rockford, Ill., can boast of the strongest boxing team in the service. In this team are Eddie McGorty and Mike O'Dowd, middleweights of high class; Andre Anderson, heavyweight; Homer Smith, heavy; Johnny Ritchie, featherweight; and Joe Caracoli, welterweight. This is quite a formidable array of talent, and should win over almost any camp.

Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell may meet in a return match for the benefit of the Great Lakes Station fund, the fight to be held in Chicago.

Dick Leonard, outwitted Kewpie Ertle by almost five pounds when he stopped the little claimant to the heavyweight title at Milwaukee. This is a big handicap in this class.

Efforts are being made to match Kid Herman, the world's bantamweight champion, and Dick Leonard, conqueror of Johnny Ertle. Herman is in the Army, but expects to obtain a leave for the bout.

Fred Kid Herman of Peoria has been drafted.

Freddie Welsh is longing for another crack at Benny Leonard and his title. Freddie claims he is in better shape now than he was the last year he engaged in bouts, and that if Leonard will give him another chance he is sure he will regain the crown.

Charley Welner, Newark heavyweight boxer, has enlisted in the Navy.

George Chip lost on a foul to Clay Turner in the third round of their fight at Bridgeport, Conn.

WITH THE MITTWIOLDERS
Benny Leonard and Ritchie Mitchell may meet in a return match for the benefit of the Great Lakes Station fund, the fight to be held in Chicago.

Dick Leonard, outwitted Kewpie Ertle by almost five pounds when he stopped the little claimant to the heavyweight title at Milwaukee. This is a big handicap in this class.

Efforts are being made to match Kid Herman, the world's bantamweight champion, and Dick Leonard, conqueror of Johnny Ertle. Herman is in the Army, but expects to obtain a leave for the bout.

Fred Kid Herman of Peoria has been drafted.

Freddie Welsh is longing for another crack at Benny Leonard and his title. Freddie claims he is in better shape now than he was the last year he engaged in bouts, and that if Leonard will give him another chance he is sure he will regain the crown.

Charley Welner, Newark heavyweight boxer, has enlisted in the Navy.

George Chip lost on a foul to Clay Turner in the third round of their fight at Bridgeport, Conn.

HAWAIIAN SWIMMERS STAR

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—Honolulu swimmers at Alameda, Cal., established three new records.

Duke Kahanawoku covered the 100 yards in 1:01 2/5, breaking Cecil Hamley's Australian mark by two seconds. Clarence Lane swam 80 yards in 42 seconds flat, breaking the previous record by three seconds.

Harold Krueger swam 60 yards, back ward stroke, in 38 2/5, beating Charles Daniels' New York A.C. record of 42 seconds.

TRY OUT TRACK MEET HELD AT A.P.O. 717

Entry List for Swimming
Events Is Opened—17
Nines in League

Athletic competition is flourishing in the A.P.O. 717 section. The well-known national pastime of the U.S.A., of course, is the forerunner on the roster of sports. Seventeen nines are entered in the league of the S.O.S. Headquarters, and 10 of baseball is in order almost every evening, and every Sunday.

With the putting up of the Major Willard D. Straight Cup great rivalry and interest is being shown. To date five games have been played by some of the teams, with the Medical and Co., of the Headquarters, Battalion, setting the pace respectively with four and three victories, neither having a defeat scored against it.

Track sports and swimming events are included on the program. A large float has been launched and the entry list for the initial aquatic feature of the season has been opened. With Lieutenant Mosie, a former Yale water star, and Mr. John of the Y.M.C.A. making preliminary arrangements for the swimming season, beaucoup splashing and stroking, ducking and splurging should be seen and heard.

A try-out track meet was held recently to select a representative team for a Franco-American affair to be held July 4. The participants competed in regulation Army dress.

Pitcher Excels in Dash
Jack, star pitcher of the Medical team, proved a dark-horse. He won the 100-yard dash final after a neck-and-neck race with Cliff and Reiffin. When it came to high jumping Jack also proved the star. Five feet in regulation dress isn't a bad jump. Summary:

50-Yard Dash (final heat).—Won by Reiffin; second, Jack; third, Graffins.

100-Yard Dash (first heat).—Won by Jack; second, Snyder; third, Jaffe. Second heat: Won by Cliff; second, Reiffin; third, Reiffin. Time, 11 seconds.

440-Yard Dash.—Won by Minogue; second, Bennett; third, Coulour. Time, 63 seconds.

1-Mile Run.—Won by Silverstein; second, Collier.

High Jump.—Won by Jack, 5 ft.; Johnson, 4 ft. 11 in.; Gedbold, 4 ft. 10 in.; Snyder, 4 ft. 10 in.

Broad Jump.—Won by Johnson, 15 ft. 5 in.; Musser, 13 ft. 3 in.; Jack, 13 ft. 5 in.

Put.—Won by Minogue, 31 ft. 9 in.; second, Johnson, 30 ft. 6 in.; third, Caron, 29 ft. 8 in.

THE BLIGHTY STORE

A very large proportion of British and Dominion troops reckon their trip to England incomplete until they have visited the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores and America's Expeditionary Force is discovering the Stores as rapidly as our Countrymen.

Blighty—London to JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores—all make special appeal to the warrior from Active Service. To single out our poorest friends there is no help in our blighty life without a bit of American. Warlike warriors in the States.

The Old Contemptibles—the New Army—the Overseas Forces—and now America's Army, all rely on the Military Store with 30 years' experience.

There can be no finer introduction or introduction for naval and military gear.

These are a lot of specialities, but remember whatever you need you will find long in dependable quality and reasonable price.

FIELD SERVICE UNIFORMS.
for British, Dominion Forces, R.A.F. and American Forces made to measure, in 48 hours

IMPROVED TRINCH COAT
designed and made by our own Expert military tailors in the celebrated Kitbag-Belted Trench Coat. Field check proof and impervious to cotton.

Leading Value **£4 : 14 : 6**
With Fleece Lining **£6 : 6 : 0**

VERMIN PROOF UNDERWEAR.
Manufactured expressly for Active Service in good quality Shantung Silks, specially treated to be impervious to vermin. Easily washed. Vest or Drawers, each **9/6**

MILITARY FOOTWEAR.
Regulation Service Boot of best grain hide, welded service toe, the best possible sole. **50/-**

Regulation Marching Boot of best Tan Chrome Calf, hand made throughout, absolutely waterproof. Black leather. Drilled soles. **57/6**

Our Equipment Booklet gladly sent Post Free

JUNIOR ARMY STORES
LIMITED

15 Regent St., London, S.W.1.
17 to 19 Union Street, Aldershot

SPORTS MOVE ALONG IN SPITE OF WAR

National League Gate Re-
ceipts Go Up as Giants
Go Down

War or no war, it has been a bumper season thus far in the world of sports back home.

The nervous baseball magnates, who began retrenching last winter for fear the war would be a great falling off in patronage this summer, are very low in their minds just now, for the crowds have poured out to the games as devotedly as ever, and the only falling off in attendance noted during the first two months of the season has been in the few major league cities where the club owners had lost their nerve and wrecked the clubs in advance.

The gate receipts have run steadily high in the American league, where the race has been close, and business perked up in the National league when the Cubs passed the Giants.

The college meets and the river races have drawn as well as, if not better than, formerly. The race tracks are prospering; the golf links and tennis courts are crowded. Friendly weather and the force of habit have kept the business of sports at its old level just as if the Kaiser had never been born.

MOLLA STILL WINNING
[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, June 20.—Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the national tennis champion, won the Women's Metropolitan championship at Forest Hills, L.I., in straight sets 6-2, 6-3, thereby gaining permanent possession of the silver championship cup.

Telep. Louvre 12-20

Longines
Watches
11 Bd des Italiens
Repairs

**IF YOU
Want Revue Songs**
Com' Songs—Ballads—Piano Pieces or Sections—Gypsy Songs—Sketches—Folks—Com' Story Books—Reclams—Com' Signs—Bridges—Wigs—Flourishes—Bones—Make up or the latest American Music.

**GET IT FROM
HERMAN DAREWSKI**
MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY,
(St. With's Syndicate),
142 CHANCERY CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

**WALK-OVER
SHOES**
34 Boulevard des Italiens
19-21 Boul. des Capucines
PARIS

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma

The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

**BELLE
JARDINIÈRE**
2, Rue du Pont-Neuf, PARIS

THE LARGEST OUTFITTERS IN THE WORLD
AMERICAN and ALLIED MILITARY UNIFORMS
COMPLETE LINE of MILITARY EQUIPMENT
FOR OFFICERS and MEN
Tailor Articles—Clothing and All Men's Furnishings

Agents for BURBERRYS
Sole Branches: PARIS, 1, Place de Clichy, LYON, MARSEILLE
BORDEAUX, NANTES, NANCY, ANGERS
Self-measurement Cards, Catalogues and Patterns.
Post Free on application.

Gillette
SAFETY
RAZOR
No Stropping—No Honing

Gillette U.S.
Service Set

PACKETS of new Gillette Blades—each
Blade wrapped in oiled paper enclosed in
sanitary envelope—bright, smooth, sharp and clean,
can be obtained at all dealers in France, England,
Russia, Italy, Canada and all other parts of the
world.

PRICE OF GILLETTE BLADES
Packet of 12 Blades 6 Francs
Packet of 6 Blades 3 Francs

To be had at A.E.F. & Y.M.C.A. Canteens
or at all Dealers in France.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

JOHN BAILLIE & CO.

The Military Tailors to United States Officers
All Insignia, Sam Browne Belts, Trench Coats.
Large variety in stock

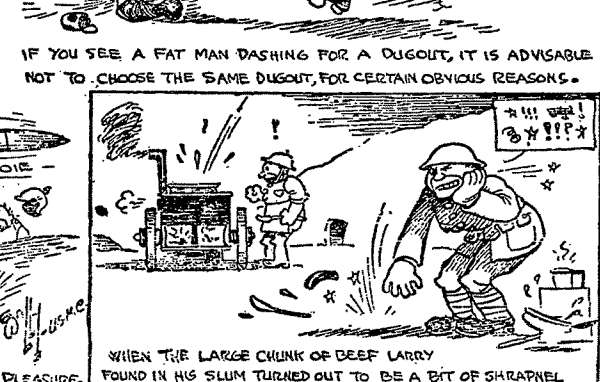
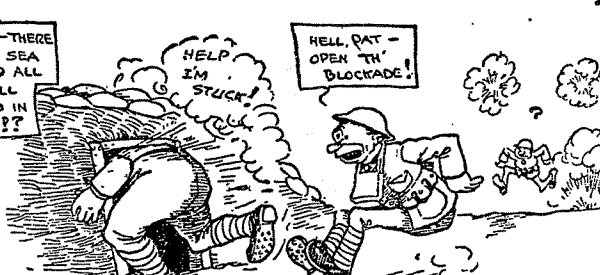
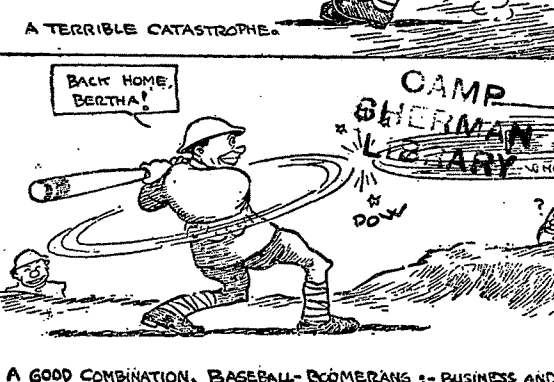
UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

J. C. VICKERY

For all Active Service Regiments
Cigarette Cases
Wrist Watches
Photo Cases & Frames
Pipes & Pouches
Writing Cases
Dispatch Cases
Kit Bags; Trunks
Dressing Cases
Canteens
Etc., etc., etc.

BOMB, SHELL AND SHRAPNEL

-By WALLGREN



NEVER STOP A SHELL WITH YOUR HANDS UNLESS YOUR FEET ARE SECURELY CLAMPED TO SOME STATIONARY OBJECT - OTHERWISE YOU WILL ACCOMPANY THE SHELL WITH SUDDEN AND SPONTANEOUS RAPIDITY, IN A DIRECTION CONTRARY TO YOUR WISHES; AND AS THIS HAS SOME APPEARANCES OF RETREATING, IT IS CONSIDERED VERY BAD FORM.

NO TRAIN TRAVEL
SAVE ON BUSINESSA.E.F. Must Not Block
Railroads During Its
Spare Time

TO CHECK HUN'S AGENTS

New Road Rules Also Laid Down
for Army's Truck
Smashers

You guys that like to travel! You guys that have to travel, whether you want to or not! You motorbike propellers, ambulance drivers, truck encourage, and plain chummers. Lay down the top of the car or (unlabeled) for these travel orders: gather round and listen to the plaint of the poor A.P.M. and his merry men.

Here's the latest orders about train travel—no such travel on passes hereafter. Get that? No train travel except on official business or on the weekly leave—in case you belong to an outfit that is lucky enough to have any time off at the end of the week. These are the reasons for that order.

On Saturday and Sunday, all the divisions (if it's one of the divisions that has spare time during training) wants to travel. This so disrupts the trains passing through the divisional area that it seriously interrupts movement of troops. In some cases men have actually taken possession of trains, and the entire schedule for the railroad has been broken up. That, you can see, can't very well go on. Hence the order.

Show Your Papers
Another thing: If you are traveling, on business or on leave, show your passes or identity papers at the control posts established to look after them. That's what the control posts are there for. They've got to do that work not only to stop A.W.O.L. men but—what is far more important—to stop Hun agents who may be masquerading in Uncle Sam's togs.

A man, in any divisional area, who wishes to leave his local town or encampment, must have a pass. To leave the divisional area, he must have an order or pass, plus an identity card. Every time he travels without these papers he makes it so much the easier for a Hun agent to do the same.

Every man who arrives at a town without having his papers properly checked simply makes it harder for the M.P.s to pick the man whose papers are improper—or the Hun whose papers are forged—from the mass of officers, soldiers, Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross workers and others. What is more, the authorities checking all these people are so constantly handling men with incomplete papers, or no papers at all, that they are sure to become careless in time. So look your papers over when you get them; have them checked up when you land at your destination, and be sure about them all the time.

It Helps Spies

"Absenteeism," improper papers, evasion of M.P. posts on the side, on the whole are "poor stuff." They directly aid Hun spies and propagandists in circulating through the American Army Zone. So have a care.

A word, next, to you truck drivers and chauffeurs. Don't hand out any more free rides. Yes, we know it's hard to refuse people, but if the person you pick up hasn't proper identification papers, you're running the chance that he—or she—is a spy.

When you give a person a lift, you are thereby vouching to the public that you are carrying a man or a woman who is O.K. You pass the M.P. on the corner; he knows you, from having seen you go by so many times, and assumes that your fellow traveler is all right. Your fellow traveler may be all right for German purposes. And, riding around with you, he—or she—can see an awful lot that would suit German purposes, but if the person you pick up hasn't proper identification papers, you're running the chance that he—or she—is a spy.

Traffic and Speed Rules

Of course, you all hate traffic rules; but traffic rules are necessary. Think of that block that occurred during the first Somme push, when a road wide enough to accommodate four trucks abreast was blocked for 15 miles—and not a wheel turned for 18 hours! And on that road

was the chow and ammunition for an Army.

Men caused that block by pulling out of line and coming abreast of two other trucks traveling in the same direction. Thus four trucks were stretched across a road going one way, and not four going the other way. In 15 minutes the block had moved back a mile in each direction. In one hour there was a 14 mile block.

Finally—on speed. Speed means repairs. Repairs mean cars off the road when cars are needed. And cars are often needed in a hurry.

Better paste these speed limits, laid down by G.H.Q., in your hat. They are generous, so live up to them. By saving cars and gas, you will do no small part toward ending up the war the way it ought to end. So here:

Type of Vehicle	Miles per hour. In towns. Out of towns.
Trucks of more than 4 ton capacity	8 .. 12
Ambulances	10 .. 14
Light delivery cars (ton or less Ford, Dodge)	10 .. 20
Small passenger cars (Ford and Dodge type)	10 .. 25
Motorcycles (solo)	10 .. 35
Motorcycles with sidecars	10 .. 30
Heavy passenger vehicles (Cadillac, Packard, etc.)	10 .. 35

YANKEE PRISONER
OUTWITS CAPTORSSlays Two Germans and Is
Himself Struck as He
Enters Dugout

Through no fault of his own, Pvt. P. J. Crosby, A.E.F., was taken prisoner in the course of a German raid on one sector northwest of Toul and carried away toward the enemy trenches by a German captain and private.

Suddenly, down came the American barrage, designed to cut off the raiders from their return. The two Germans flung for their lives. One fell to the ground, with Pvt. Crosby to one side of them, to wait for the American fire to let up.

As he struck the ground, Crosby's hand came in contact with a steel rod. Gripping it, he jumped to his feet, dealt the German captain a swinging blow on the head, and killed him. He disposed of the private in the same fashion.

Thus freed, he made his way back to our lines, full of that pleasant glow which comes from a good job well done and a nasty experience well escaped. But just as he reached the door of a dugout—within one step of safety—a Hun shell hit the dugout and he lay half back. He died the same night.

FREE ADVICE FOR
LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affiliates

T.T.—You say complaints that you haven't written to her in a long time. Well, you haven't, have you? What are you going to do about it?

R.F.S.—So her kid brother is coming over here and she wants you to look out for him? Write to her at once and politely but firmly decline the offer. To oblige with her, you'd be fighting with the British somewhere near Belgium while you're fighting with the French somewhere near Switzerland, or vice versa. And in the second place, anybody's kid brother is always an awful nuisance. No matter if it busts your chances with her, lay off him!

F.D.—No, never send her a letter in a blue envelope if you want it to get to her in any reasonable time. Blue envelopes have to go through a lot of red tape before they finally get down the line to the ports and from there across. Better run the risk of having the Lot who does your censoring know all about everything than keep her waiting for a letter. The Lot will probably forget it, anyway; that's what lieutenants are for.

W.B.Y.—Don't indulge in too many promises about the things you'll bring back to her. You know how much regard your billet mates have for property rights, and you know how things get lost in the Army quicker than anywhere else. Remember that kit bag your squad lost overboard on the transport? Well, the same thing might happen going back, now, mightn't it? Take the tip and lay off the promises stuff!

S.D.L.—Don't fill your letters to her too full of praise for the lieutenant who does your censoring. She's sure to be able to scare up a girl friend who knows him, and will then start thinking about him, and then, the first thing you know, you'll be ditched, side-tracked, scrapped, salvaged, ordered to the rear and replaced. What the hell chance of competition have you got up against a Sam Browne?

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Bang!
Quick! Look on your belly, Sam.
The thing's busted, by damn!

HORSES AND MULES
NOT COOTIE NESTSAnimals Will Have to Go
to Scratchville of
Their Own

NINE TREATED AT A TIME

Sulphur Soap and Vapor Baths Kill
'em Dead—Meaning
the Bugs

It had to come, and it has come—a Scratchville-for-horses-and-mules.

It isn't by-the-sea at all. It's in the part of France that has a New England winter half the year and an Indian summer the rest of the year. And since the horses and mules can't very well scratch themselves, something has to be done for them.

The long-eared friends of man are subject to many, if not all, of the skin diseases of human kind in one form or another, as any cavalryman or field artilleryman will tell you—and then some. It takes a deal of patience and carrying and brushing and everything else to keep them in good shape when they're normal. But when they're abnormally badly off—

That is where the big veterinary plant down at — in the Z. of A. comes into play.

You have read how the sulphur soap is applied, under the hot showers, to the trench-it victims at Scratchville-by-the-sea. Owing to the undisturbed fact that horses and mules cannot soap the middle of one another's backs, as they Scratchville human patients do, a different method has been devised. It is a much more aristocratic one—that of the vapor bath.

Down Comes the Lever
A shed, with nine stalls, is erected on the veterinaries' grounds. Soon another of the same dimensions will be up and in full use. Into the shed, through the center door, the horses or mules are led, and there securely fastened in. Their voices and melancholy faces, shrouded by canvas veils that keep their ears and necks well covered, are the only things apparent from the outside.

At one end of the shed is the sulphur vapor generator. The sergeant in charge—who has handled horses all his life and knows what he does to 'em in consequence—comes down on the lever. Pshew! A little more pumping and the vapor is on, coursing through the closed up sheds and eddying about the flea-bitten and mange-ridden flanks of the mounts.

Whack! Black Beauty, who has gotten a whiff of the fumes despite the veil over her classic brow, kicks out main, but to no effect. She may knock a stray board out of the rear or front of the shed, but she'll never get out. The reinforced wainscoting, if you might call it that, will be too much for her; and, anyway, there are eight fellow sufferers in the adjoining stalls who wouldn't take an attempted escape in good part at all.

So the nine stand there, stamping, chafing a bit, gazing with big mournful eyes at the Sulphur Sergeant, as if to say, "How could you?"

When that fails to have any effect, the animals just settle down to a real good soak, looking very disgusted and detached the while. After about 15 or 20

minutes, they begin to look really content, for the sulphur has so seeped into their carcasses by that time that they are in a fair way to lose that prickly-heat feeling.

Ready for the Next Batch

But it is right after the conclusion of the 15 or 20 minute period that the Sulphur Sergeant gives the order to take them out of there, police the stalls, and put in a new batch. Rather reluctantly, with the exception of a few of the cantankerous old timers who went into Mexico in 1916 and have been sore ever since, the nine walk out, and are let out on picket lines or stables, blanketed, and made to feel at home again. And another nine steps in, until the day's work is over—time out, of course, being allowed for mess to both veterinarians and horses.

Another innovation they have down at Scratchville is known as the horse dip, a sort of a combination of the shoot-the-chute and a swimming plunge.

It is a long, narrow trough of stone in a big stable, at one end of which the horse is introduced and, stepping off, is plunged into a mixture of acids and things that is good for what ails the equine pet. The thing is so deep that the horse can't touch bottom, but is held up on either side by ropes and chains while he is going through, and, incidentally, going through the motions of swimming.

After the veterinary lads at Scratchville will tell you, a shock-treated steel said steel has no license to have any kind of infection left. If he has, he's a mighty ungrateful and hard-headed specimen.

AND WE DON'T WANT 'EM

Buck: There's one thing the Army hasn't called out yet.

First Class: Whazzat?

Buck: The "Elmer" in the Saturday Evening Post clothing ads.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

Middle aged male customer: Let me have three suits of underwear.

Clerk: Size, please?

M.A.C.: Anything at all. I used to be in the Army.

Soldiers, to Learn French Get the
English & French
DICTIONARY

(With French Pronunciation) Price 1fr.25
Albin MICHEL, Publisher, 22 Rue Huyghes, Paris

LYONS
GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL

11 Rue Grégoire
Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers
Rooms from 6 to 30 francs

ALL GOOD MEN & TRUE

Fighting in France are invited to look in and see us when on leave in London—we pride ourselves on our first-class cooking and quick service. We are right in the heart of the West End, and will take up no more of your time than is necessary for a substantial luncheon, a dainty tea or a well-served dinner. Good orchestra and an atmosphere of genuine refinement.

ELYSEE Restaurant

Coverly Street
One Minute from Piccadilly Circus, London.

SLEATOR & CARTER

PARIS, 39 Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS
English & American Civil & Military Tailors
Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY OF PUBLIC MONIES

Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and men of the

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

Capital and Surplus : : : : \$50,000,000
Resources more than : : : : \$600,000,000

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

THE DIFFERENCE

10 per cent tip: "Merci."
15 per cent tip: "Merci, m'sieur."
20 per cent tip: "Merci, bien."
25 per cent tip: "Merci beaucoup."
30 per cent tip: "Merci beaucoup, m'sieur."
35 per cent tip: "Merci beaucoup, m'sieur."
40 per cent tip: "Je vous remercie beaucoup."
50 per cent tip: "Ah! Je vous remercie beaucoup, m'sieur!"
60 per cent tip: "Merci—merci—merci—merci!"

HEARD IN HEADQUARTERS

1st Stenog: Say, Mac, what does O.I.C. stand for?
2nd Stenog: "Officer in Charge," you bonehead.
1st Stenog. (absent minded): Oh, I see.

The BESSON Co., Ltd. LONDON
MILITARY BAND INSTRUMENT
MANUFACTURERS
Fournisseurs to the Bands of the U.S.A. and Allied Armies.
Over 500 Military Bands recently equipped.
Prices and all information from:
— BESSON & Co., Ltd.
198 Euston Road, LONDON, Eng.

The Very Best Method
for
Self-Tuition in FRENCH
in
'Le Français Par Vous-même'
with Pronunciation imitated
by MARC DE VALETTE

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

ONE COPY: 6 Francs
M. de VALETTE, 6 Rue Toulou, Paris.
Also at all Good Bookshops

MEURICE
HOTEL and
RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli
(Opposite Tuileries Gardens)
Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.



MORNY FRERES LTD., 201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE
8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS
(Royal Palace Hotel)

The Union is open to all students and university men in Europe, who take advantage of the facilities for study, living, travel, language, address, and other matters of interest to students of Europe.

"Aquascutum" Regd.
TRENCH COAT
LINED DETACHABLE FLEECE, FUR OR LEATHER

Guaranteed Absolutely Waterproof.

Officers on Active Service who have had the opportunity of testing many different makes of Waterproof are unanimous in the opinion that the only coat that has proved thoroughly reliable is the AQUASCUTUM.

Received from B.E.F., Salonika, 6/12/17.
"I got one of your 'trench coats' in August. Since coming out here I have had occasion to test it in rain heavier by far than anything one ever gets in France. It has never let any in at all, nor has there been any sign of damp on the inside."
"The seamless shorts are also good."

VALISE.

DISPENSES WITH WOLSELEY & BLANKETS

Waterproof Bed and Valise in One.

Vermitt Proof. Weight about 11 lbs.
CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT AND TO STAND — HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. —
Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on

Received from B.E.F., France, 5/12/17.
"I want a new 'Aquascutum' sleeping bag with kapok lining. I bought one in 1915, and brought it to France when I came originally in July 1915. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof."

Aquascutum Ltd.

By Appointment to His Majesty the King.

Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 Years.

100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1

OBTAINABLE IN PARIS FROM

Messrs. DELION & CARON,

24 Boulevard des Capucines.

GREATER ECONOMY AND A NEW SATISFACTION
RESULT FROM USING
"MORNY"
Bath Soaps de Luxe

which are of unusual quality and exquisitely and originally perfumed.
"Chamade," "June Rose," "Mysticure," &c. Mammots
Oval Tablets approximately 1/2 lb. in weight. Box of 6-10/6.

Send amount with 4s. 4d. postage direct to
MORNY FRERES LTD., 201 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1.

Come and Play at
Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Challes-les-Eaux.

Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed themselves for years. When you get your leave, plan to come here.
Lake Bourget is here too. And the magnificent Savoie Country is all about it. It is a most charming locality in a wonderful land.

You can enjoy yourself at any of the usual out-of-door sports at a popular resort, and you can rest.

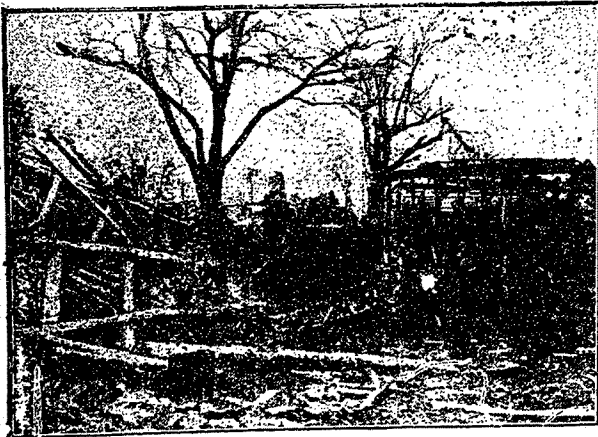
Better Vaudeville has not been put on during the war. American, English, and French artists from the best theaters in the largest cities are here to entertain you.

Band and Orchestra Concerts are given in the famous constructed Grand Cercle Casino and Gardens.

A splendid staff of American ladies are assisting in making it the most pleasant place in France for you to recuperate, rest, or spend your Military Vacation.

Operated for all Members of the
American Expeditionary Force.

AFTER THE YANKS WRESTED CANTIGNY FROM THE HUN



What was left of Cantigny when the Germans were driven out



Taking a wounded prisoner to the field hospital



How to be happy though wounded

CENTRAL OFFICE FOR A.E.F. RECORDS

Troublesome Paper Work Now Being Absorbed in Vast Warehouse

YOUR WHOLE STORY THERE

Catalogue Tells When You Arrived In France and What You've Done Since

The Central Records office—recently moved from G.H.Q. to the little village of St. Pierre des Corps, not far from Tours—is gradually absorbing some of the paper work that used to harass the separate units of the A.E.F. and is likely, as time goes on, to absorb a good deal more.

It is an office so large that it makes the biggest newspaper city room in America look like a hall bedroom and makes the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES look like a window ledge. Within this one-room warehouse 721 feet long, in which, as you look in from the main entrance, the rows upon rows of typewriters and filing cabinets stretch far away in the distance, are kept the statistics of all of us. It is the index of the A.E.F.

Will Centralize Work

It is the new tendency of the A.E.F. to draw in toward Headquarters the great burden of the Army's paper work, on the theory that the work will be better done there than in the crude and temporary quarters of moving companies, and that the records will be clearer and more accurate the less they are left to men selected not for their clerical talents but for their gifts as commanders of troops, for their fitness as fighters.

There is a great likelihood, for instance, that before long the service records, which are forever going astray or being crudely indexed, will be kept at Headquarters. They may be kept at this Central Records office or for the purposes of pay calculations more nearly within reach of the Chief Quartermaster. Already, service records immeasurable do pour into the Central Records Office, those of men in hospital or of soldiers killed in action, and service records that have gone astray.

But in other ways this bureau is of great importance in the life of every man in the A.E.F. from the most high and mighty officers to the lowest form of human life extant in the uttermost back section. There, no matter how much he may move about, is recorded his whereabouts in a card catalogue that compares favorably in size with big public libraries.

Catalogue Must Be Accurate

The accuracy of this catalogue depends on the faithfulness with which the various statistical sections and sub-sections do their work. As the Army post office depends on this catalogue for all the re-directing of mail, the speed with which a wandering letter pursues and catches up with a wandering soldier depends on the accuracy and speed of the statistical clerks scattered throughout the A.E.F.

This catalogue tells when you arrived in France and marks each move you have made since then. There are other catalogues there in which various fascinating facts about you are gravely recorded.

Tells Just What You Are

Each card in this qualification index is further adorned with a little red or green clip at the top, so placed as to tell an index expert at a glance whether you are a dentist's assistant and an able-bodied seaman, or a second tenor and a cabinet-maker. By glancing at the drawers assigned to this or that division the librarian can tell immediately how many chauffeurs such and such a regiment has, or in what regiment there

VILLAGE PRIEST GETS BIG SURPRISE

Curé Calls Down Congregation, but Yanks Think He Means Them

The curé of a little village church down in the S.O.S. got it into his head that his parishioners were overcharging the Americans for laundry work, for chocolate, for souvenirs, and other things. Being a downright sort of person he decided that something must be done about it.

Next Sunday, in his church, filled one-half with his own congregation and the other half with *les soldats américains*, he proceeded to read the former the riot act. In accents strong and French, he laid down the law. "Vous demandez cinq francs quand vous avez droit à un franc seulement!" was one of the points he laid stress on again and again by way of telling the faithful that some of them were asking five times more than they had a right to.

Cinq Francs by the Bushel

The Americans didn't know much French, but they had been over here long enough to know *cinq francs* when they heard it. They heard it so often in the course of that sermon that they thought that was what the good man wanted from each and every one of them.

So when *M. le curé* started down the main aisle right after the beginning of the credo to take up the collection he was fairly swamped with five-franc notes. Every O.D. blouse was unbuttoned and from every one came the little blue paper. By the time he had got down the main aisle and was going to turn up the side aisle, they had so exhausted the collection basket's capacity that he had to make an apron out of his cassock. And he couldn't understand it at all.

The chaplain of the particular American unit that thus shelled out sat in the back of the church. Knowing French—and also the boys—he was surprised at the outlay. Later, he inquired, and found out what prompted it. Then the boys and he had a mighty good laugh.

Not so the French priest when he heard about it. He was horror-struck. "I must get that money back to them! It's not right! I must give it back!" he exclaimed.

"No, you mustn't, brother," laughed the American chaplain. "I told the boys all about it, and they say the lesson in French was cheap at the price. Besides, your sermon hit home so hard they've more than covered five francs apiece this last week in town!"

TRENCH-WAY ADS

Under shell fire—Wear Paris Garters. No metal can touch you. To prevent gas attacks—Give the Boche no quarter. Then he can't work his meter. For breakfast—Feed Fritz shrapnel. Shot from guns. There's a reason.

Extra attraction at the Theater of War. The Kaiser Kamorads in Their killing Kultur Comedy, "The Boomerang."

might be an oversupply of horsehoes much needed elsewhere.

Move on the next desk and you see the records of the soldiers who have died in France, and, further on, the casualty records. You will even find a Buck Department where are settled the knotty problems that arise when some unit cheerfully passes said back to the Central Records Office.

Some officers are attached here and some field clerks, but for the most part the work is done by enlisted men. Probably most of them sigh for more adventurous work, and no doubt one of them who has toiled over the bill with a type-writer under each arm feels like writing home: "I brought down two machines today," and letting it go at that.

However, they are cheered up when they remember that the major in command is fresh from nearly two years of active service with the cavalry of the British and Persian armies.

STEADY PROGRESS, AMERICA'S REPORT

Country's Push to Win War Grows More Determined With Every Hour

GLOOMY GUS TYPE MISSING

National Spirit of Confidence Result of Absolute Assurance of Good Work

BY J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, June 20.—There is continuously satisfactory news of steady progress along practically every line of war work. Both the Gloomy Gus and Barnum types have faded quite away from the stage for the time being at least, and the whole country appears to me to express a tranquil and perfectly spontaneous sense of that quality of confidence which comes from absolute assurance of good work.

Your excellent editorial of May 24, "Those Gloomy Gusses," expresses not only your own ideas but the general idea of the American people, so far as I can tell from my constant and careful observation and correspondence. My dispatches have consistently discounted both pessimistic and optimistic reports of the past months; my duty to you was to keep you fully advised even if things went wrong, but the absolute truth was as I have said every week, and this has now been demonstrated beyond all possibility of doubt.

We had a huge machine to build, and huge troubles were naturally bound to occur; but every sane and wise observer could see continuing progress daily. You need not have one single doubt of the purpose and ability of your country to stand behind you and make good.

Pushing Harder Every Hour

The whole heart and body of America is in this push, and it is going to push harder every hour. Flamboyant statements are disgusting, but this fact is magnificently true, and I am thrilled anew by every manifestation of the fine temper and devotion of our nation.

Sensational headlines are truly, miles away from presenting a real picture of America, due to the headlong system of gathering news which gives utterly insignificant subjects a huge though transient prominence. I could send a list of many scores of apparently important sensations of the past months that vanished again utterly from discussion within 24 hours.

I strongly advise the Army to read belated newspapers from the States with the knowledge in mind that American journalism has a huge task.

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

"My Portrait"
FINEST PHOTOS 19 Avenue de Clichy (near Place Clichy), PARIS

Made in U.S.A. Beware of Imitations Moisture Proof

LOCKHART SPIRAL SERVICE LEGGINGS

The original all wool wrapped Puttee. Procurable throughout United States from all leading retailers.
\$4 the pair, post paid to A.E.F.
LOCKHART SPIRAL SERVICE LEGGINGS, INC.
244 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FLOWERS BLOSSOM IN G.H.Q. GARDENS

Every Barracks Has Show Spot, With One Grand Set Piece

The American soldier, whenever he gets a chance, likes to domesticate himself. In that respect he is coming to be more and more like his British contemporary. An example of this is shown in the Marine camp down at G.H.Q. where every one of the little red "barrackses" has its flower bed, the bright-colored pansies predominating. The walks are kept as scrupulously clean and tidied up as though they were on a millionaire's estate back home.

But aside from the little private flower beds that adorn the fronts and sides of the huts, there is one grand big set piece in a corner of the grounds. Here, in the center, is a carefully graded mound of earth, neatly covered with closely cropped sod, in the shape of a five pointed star. And on either side are similar decorative mounds in the shapes of a club, a diamond, a spade, and a heart!

A Company celebrates its caretaking of the little beauty patch by contributing a similarly ornamental raised "A"—just like Braille print—all in greenward. The walks are lined with whitewashed stones, and the gravel is carefully raked and scattered, just like the human body after exposure to sheep ticks.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers.
CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE
(Librairie des Cartes Campbell)
7, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (near St. Lazare Station, Next to St. Lazare-Loirette).

Alfred Nelson Co.

261 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK, U.S.A.
Cable Address: 'ALFREDARE', NEW YORK
PARIS: MEYER & MORTIMER, 10 Rue de la Paix
LONDON: MEYER & MORTIMER, 36 Conduit St., W.
LIVERPOOL: WM. BAND & SON, 34 Lord St.

BREECHES MAKERS

Military Naval and Civil Tailors
Quick Service to American Officers while overseas.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON BRENTANO'S

(Société Anonyme)
Booksellers & Stationers,
37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

JUST PUBLISHED
Distinctive signs of Rank and Insignia of the Principal Allied Armies
Post free: 1 franc 20 centimes

United States Army Regulations, etc.
FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

ECONOMY OF PAPER URGED ONCE MORE

Mimeographers Must Use Both Sides; Wrapping When Necessary

The strict necessity for conserving the Army's paper supply is emphasized in a new general order announcing still further economies. A previous general order was devoted to the question.

The new order lays down the following rules for mimeographing work:

Both sides of the sheet will be used when the work requires more than a single page. No title page will be used. If the copy does not fill a page, the unused portion of the sheet will be cut off and used for other mimeographs or blocked into scratch pads. Sizes of editions of mimeographed pamphlets will be computed for immediate needs, and no additional copies will be made.

No article of issue are to be wrapped unless, like sugar, they cannot be carried without, or unless paper is needed to protect them during transit. The same rule will be observed with regard to wrapping packages of medicine. Those who are especially conscientious, however, will carry their sugar a spoon at a time, making as many trips as necessary.

WILSON

9 RUE DUPHOT
Telephone: Gutenberg 01-95
THE SMALLEST BUT SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

A Golden Opportunity!

To secure the first 13 issues of the Official American F. F. Newspaper, "THE STARS AND STRIPES." In great demand by the folks back home, who will treasure and preserve them as a personal letter from their own part of the A.E.F. Libraries, historical associations and schools also want this collection. A limited number of complete files of the first 13 issues, wrapped in bundles ready for mailing, are now available. Send 5 francs (5-franc note or postal money order—\$1 from the U. S. A.) and the complete collection will be promptly mailed from this office to any address desired in the Allied World.

Address: "THE STARS AND STRIPES," 1 Rue des Italiens, PARIS.

Do It Now!!

To Send Money Home GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Société Générale

A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout France. There you will find Wells Fargo blank forms and instructions. You get a Wells Fargo receipt.

The identical form filled out by you is immediately sent by the SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE to us in PARIS and the payment order is dispatched by mail or cable to our New York office and thence to the address given by you. If by mail we send a duplicate by following steamer to ensure prompt payment should the original be lost in transit.

Money may be paid in to any SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE Branch for opening a deposit-account with us in Paris—subject to check.

WELLS FARGO & CO. LONDON: 28 Charles St., Haymarket
Head Office: NEW YORK 4 Rue Scribe, Paris

BARKERS

THE GREAT MILITARY OUTFITTERS
KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.8.

FAMOUS 'KENBAR' TRENCH COAT

The "Kenbar" is a great favorite amongst Officers, and can be thoroughly relied upon. Guaranteed absolutely "proof" against any weather. Made from our noted "truly-proved" KENBAR-CORD. Lined throughout, proofed check woolen and interlined oiled fabric. Every detail so necessary for the strenuous wear in the trenches is embodied in this excellent Coat. The collar can be worn in four positions. The sleeves are made with reinforced elbows, and the skirt is cut full and fitted with cavalry gusset. The "Kenbar" is the finest cut and best tailored Trench Coat in London. Cut with Raglan sleeves and very easy armholes, and can easily be slipped on over a British uniform. Send your order at once mentioning only chest measurement taken over Service Jacket, and a perfect fit is guaranteed.

94/6
With detachable fleece lining, 125/- Supplint (as sketch) with detachable Fur Collar. Wallaby, 20/- extra.

Good quality Fleece Undercoats for wearing under Trench Coats at 35/-. These are greatly in demand, and very warm and cozy.

Barkers make a particular study of Officers' Khaki Drill uniforms. The prices quoted below are extremely moderate and are for ready-cash payment. Our revised system of sizes will enable us to fit men of almost every proportion. Service Jacket ... £1 7 6 Shirts ... £1 1 0 Riding Breeches ... 1 12 6 Shorts ... 0 14 6 If desired, complete outfit made to order in 48 hours.

JOHN BARKER & COMPANY LTD., KENSINGTON, W.8.

WRIGLEY'S

The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence.

Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

At Canteens, at Y. M. C. A. huts and wherever confections are sold.

The Flavor Lasts After every meal